

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

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Christmas.

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PART I. IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.—THE RIDE.

On the night before Christmas, of a date quite unimportant to the general reader, though it is deeply engraven on some hearts, a single sleigh, with comfortable equipments and a single rider, came out of the city of B—— and struck towards the north.

It was a glorious winter night, such as sends the warm blood tingling through veins with a delirium of delight, like a tankard of ancient wine, sharpening to intensity every faculty of body and mind, and leading imagination through more fantastic flights than did the wily princess of the Arabian tales.

The west lay like a sea of amber in the gathering twilight, and the stars were fast taking their places in the dome of Heaven. Earth herself had donned her choicest galeroes for the high festival. The smooth crust of snow flashed back each ray of starlight, or lay like molten silver under the crescent moon; while every fence, and tree, and shrub glistened with thousands and thousands of pendent crystals, jewels of the purest water, falling continually, with a silvery tinkling, like fairy chimes.

The small, black steed seemed to feel new life and vigor, as he snuffed the clear, frosty air, for he set his ears erect, and sped forward with an eager bound, as if the wide-spread fields and forests were a long-sought Elysium, which he was now rushing to attain.

Our traveller was but a youth, with no care to bind down his spirits, and he abandoned himself to the exuberant influences of this free ride into the country, and thought that a homeward ride on Christmas Eve was the fulfilment of all earthly bliss. His heart and soul were open to all the pure streams of thought which flowed from earth and sky on this wonderful night. He gazed long upon the evening star, that hung in the west, and thought of another Christmas, when such a star hung over one holy spot on this sin-stained earth, when a virgin mother clasped the only Son of God.

He thought of another glorious night, when an angel choir drove back the darkness, and sang the anthem of "Peace," to the shepherds of Judea. We know that he thought of these things, for he loosed the reins, and gazing up into the shining galaxy, which seemed the track of those angel pinions, he chanted a hymn; and the hymn was one that Cawood wrote, which his gentle mother taught him at her knee long ago, and these were the words—

"Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise."

You all know it—there are five stanzas, and he sang them all with a subdued tone, as though his mind lingered among these sacred visions.

But the night deepened in shadow and splendor, the northern aurora shot up its phantom fires; a dense pine forest lay in his path, and other and wilder fancies chased away these holy thoughts. All the weird old tales of ancient romance and knightly adventure, came floating over his memory, till his

pulses thrilled at every sound, with that rich, wild excitement which young adventurous spirits love so well, that is not fear, but stimulated daring and fancy. In such forests as these have Robin Hood led his daring band, and in such wild places, robbers of later days and less knightly renown were wont to waylay the solitary traveller. Here, too, were the haunts of nymphs, naiads, giants, fairies and shades of the untombed dead, creatures once familiar to human vision, but now driven by modern skepticism back to their elements. Yet all know that on Christmas eve, they return again and hold their wanton revels in solitary places till morning flings out her crimson banner; and woe betide the lonely traveller who dares intrude upon these anniversary festivals of the people of the land of shadow. Right heartily did the youth congratulate himself that he was not on foot to-night. But he soon emerged from the dim, haunted forest, and the dominions of all these delicious fancies which brave youth love so dearly, devoutly wishing that he might yet meet some phantom knight, or "Maid of the Mist," or the "White Lady of Avenel," that he could carry home to the group around the fireside some tale of marvellous adventure.

"Home!" He touched the willing steed with his whip, but wings would mock his impatience now, as that word drove all other fancies from his mind. Ten miles had been lightly passed, but the ten that remained seemed interminable.

We join in his impatience, and take a shorter rout to that "fairly land."

CHAPTER II.—HOME.

The home to which our traveller is hastening, is enshrined within the low, brown walls of that country farm-house, modestly shrinking into the shadow of two mammoth barns, and half hidden by the wood-pile in front. Through the uncurtained window the cheering light gleams for a beacon, and we can see the flames leaping joyfully up the wide, old-fashioned chimney. The iron hands of the old eight-day clock are pointing to twelve, yet the waiting group show no sign of retiring. The farmer sits in an easy chair in the corner, now and then sending a wreath of smoke from his clay pipe to mingle with those from the hearth. His hair is sprinkled with gray, and his face is browned with many suns. A shade of care rests lightly on his brow, but there is a world of good humor in the lines of his placid mouth. We love to look upon such a type of nature's

nobility, where the sturdy, well-developed frame, and the glow of calm intelligence and conscious honesty, mark the perfect man that God himself must delight in. They are often found among the free hills and plains, but cities cramp and blight their healthy growth.

The wife and mother sits by the table with a box of curious notions before her, evidently designed for the little stockings that hang over the mantel. She is paler and less buxom than many farmers' wives, but her lips bear a gentle smile of love, which blossomed there with her bridal kiss, and has filled that home with sweetness and comfort through all the dark days of sorrow and trial ever since. A touching look of patience and resolute endurance gives a holy charm to all her countenance, a look which we never see but on a mother's face—alas! not always there. The other is the daughter, a comely girl of eighteen, like her mother in face and figure, but wanting the sweet expression of religious repose which marks the mother's voice and features. Her demeanor is wonderfully calm and impassive, and her words few; yet a keen observer would detect volcanic force and passion under that passionless exterior. Her features are too strongly marked for beauty, and her forehead too high for feminine perfection; but her pure, healthy complexion more than atones for all lack of symmetry. The compression of her full, crimson lips, and quick glances of her black eyes, are the only indications of her proud, sensitive and impatient nature. None but her parents ever judged her rightly in her words or actions. Many times she had been to the window to gaze out upon the long road, but the white, shining track was unbroken by any late traveller, and at last she turned away with an impatient ejaculation—

"Julius went come to-night, mother!"

Ah! her voice, more than her countenance, tells that she constantly struggles with an inward impulse of petulance and impatience, which the mother has met with soothing words and smiles for many years.

"Be patient, daughter, a little longer. This is a lovely night for him to ride home. Just put on another log, father, and Marcia you take a needle and tack on this tassel. How pleased the boys will be with their comforters."

These diverting requests were scarcely complied with, when the jingling of bells at the door announced the arrival. Marcia Brown sprang to the door, and was greeted first, with—

"A right merry Christmas, Marcia!" and next with a hearty embrace, which was coolly returned, quite checking the ardor of the affectionate brother, who thought Marcia never cared much for him. Little can we know of the fires of feeling so jealously hidden under mountains of ice and snow, and how could Julius know that while his sister's apparent indifference chilled him, her very heart-string was thrilling with delicious joy at his return.

Deepest streams make least murmur, whether they are those that course among our hills, or flow from human hearts.

"A merry Christmas, mother and father. I hope my coming may not damp your enjoyment of it."

"This is all we desire to complete our happiness, my boy," said his mother, tenderly embracing him. "Are you well?"

"Look at me and see. I only wish you were half as well, dear mother."

He tossed off his cap, threw his overcoat across a chair, and drew up his graceful figure to its utmost height. It was a picture to bless a parent's eyes, that strong, young form, standing there in all the promise of upright and vigorous manhood. His frame was lithe, compact and symmetrical; his dark-brown hair clustered round a brow marked with strong intellect. His eyes were sparkling with the light of pure emotions—truth, love and joy—while the rich blood of health struggled through the clear olive of his cheeks and painted his proud lips. The father could not hide his feelings of pride even under the gay tone in which he said—

"He'll do for a farmer, mother."

Marcia gazed upon him with deep pride and love, but spoke not.

After he had cared for the noble companion of his journey, he joined the trio around the fireside, and told them of his progress at school, and many little incidents of well-sustained rivalry with his schoolmates, or praise from his teachers; but one incident of the last quarter he kept to himself, reserving it for the morrow. While the happy parents listened to his easy, well-bred volubility, all became sensible of the silent presence of another in the little circle—a small, white-robed vision, still and voiceless, by the side of the new comer. Was it one of the strange phantoms that had haunted his fancy through the lone forest? Oh, no! for he stooped and raised the strange figure to his knee, and a pair of slender arms twined round his neck, and a happy face was hid on his bosom.

"Wont you speak to brother?" said the mother, coaxingly.

"Have'nt you got a kiss for Julie?" asked the boy.

"Julie will think you don't care much about seeing him, I guess, if you don't speak to him," said Marcia.

But no word or kiss could be induced from the little intruder, whose cup of happiness was quite full, and she wished neither look nor caress, but nestled into his bosom with a quiet joy, very unlike the noisy demonstrations that might be expected from her brothers when they learned of his arrival.

"Come, kiss me Allie, and I will tell you what I saw away back in those dark pine woods, where there are no houses or fields; kiss me, wont you?"

She shook her head, and nestled closer to his breast.

"Well, then, I shall have to tell Marcia about it. You know, Marcia, that there is a little clearing of half a mile square about half way of this dark wilderness. Perhaps some bold man actually attempted to clear a farm there, and got frightened away by some of the goblins of the woods. Well, when I got to this place to-night I was riding slowly, and I thought the moonlight struck with a peculiar brightness right in the centre of this clearing. It was a brilliant, flickering sort of light, and I stopped the horse to look at it, and what do you suppose I saw?"

"What?" asked Marcia. But Alice lay with her face concealed on his shoulder, and Julius continued—

"This flickering light seemed to turn to silvery shadows, and as I looked longer, I saw hundreds of little tiny forms, dressed in short, fleecy robes, with stars on their foreheads, and they were dancing up and down to a faint, fairy-like music, that might have been the wind through the pines, but I think it must have been some invisible Lilliputian orchestra. I never saw anything half so beautiful as their airy motions and perfect little figures."

"Was it the fairies, Julie?" asked the little, eager child, looking up into his face with her eyes brimful of wonder.

He kissed her sweet mouth fondly, and said—"I thought I could get a kiss from Allie!" then went on—

"There was one larger and more beautiful than the rest, who seemed to lead the dance. She carried a wand in her hand, and her dress looked like frost-work. It was spangled all over with stars, and fell down to her feet.

She had a tiara of stars about her head, and a necklace of diamonds on her neck."

"That was the fairy-queen," said Alice.

"Just then Tom began to be restless, and I turned to speak to him, and when I looked again, the fairies had disappeared. If I had not spoken, I think I could have caught you a fairy for a Christmas present."

The child laughed merrily, and the rest laughed, and said she would dream of finding a fairy in her stocking. Julius carried her back to her crib, and after the stockings were filled, all retired with warm and thankful hearts.

CHAPTER III.—CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"Wish you Merry Christmas, mother! Merry Christmas, father!"

Two noisy, half-dressed boys, of eight and ten, tumbled into their mother's room on Christmas morning.

"I wish you a very merry Christmas, my children," said the gentle mother. "But run away now, and let your father sleep. You can make up two good fires, Joseph; and Robie will be a good boy, and help you. You must get washed and dressed by the time we are all up. You will be quiet, wont you?"

"Yes, mother, we'll be good as pie."

They tumbled out again, and went about building the fires with as much gentleness as the smith handles his tools at the anvil, and with sounds like those of a village school-room at winter noon-time.

Yet these children loved their mother, and wished much to please her, and to be kind to her; but their untamed spirits would not brook the curb of their own good intentions, and they seemed to laugh and shout in spite of themselves, which perverseness often drew from the mother the patient reflection—"I suppose boys will be boys."

A prolonged whoop followed the discovery of the stockings, which were speedily emptied of such contents as stockings bear but once a year.

Three-bladed knives, mittens, comforters, collars, geographical cards, pencils, Rolla books, nuts and candies, rolled in profuse confusion on the floor. The sight was too much for Young America, and a loud "hurrah," woke the remaining sleepers from their dreams.

"I say, old Nick did it up brown—didn't he, Joe?" was the first characteristic remark of Robert.

"I'll bet he did! Three blades, Bob! Just think of it!"

"Look here, Joe! Whose cap do you s'pose that is—hey? Jule's got home, by jingo! Now we'll get it on to him!"

There was a simultaneous rush to the brother's room, and a shout loud enough to raise Rip Van Winkle from his slumbers.

"Hi yi! Merry Christmas, Jule! Wake up old feller, it's Christmas day!"

"Oh, what noisy boys! I have not heard so much noise since I've been gone," said he, yawning.

"Wanted to wake you up. Do get up, Jule, and try our new sled. It's a rouser, I tell you! You can go clear down to the stream on it," said Robert, eagerly.

"And back again," added Joe.

Julius found that there was no more peaceful dreaming for him that morning, so he wisely concluded to follow his brother's advice, and get up, as there was some danger of being snowballed in bed by the young rebels.

"What a pity it's frozen so hard," said Robert, "so we can't have any fun snowballing. That's always the way when Jule comes home; something is sure to happen to spoil all our fun!"

"Lucky for me," responded Julius.

He was soon up, and all three made the sharp air ring with their mirth as they slid, and ran, and rolled down the hill with the new sled and Growler, in the golden beams of that Christmas morning sun.

After breakfast and prayers, during which little Alice was very still, and the boys very uneasy, they went out again to lead Jule's horse to water, which office the two children performed by themselves. Returning, they were met by the new sled, sliding down the hill, mounted by two paper parcels, marked one for Joseph, and one for Robert, with the "respects of Santa Claus."

This circumstance occasioned a renewed volley of shouts, which was by no means lessened when the parcels were found to contain each a pair of splendid skates. Tom, who, like some human animals, was a very sensitive and suspicious individual, suspecting that the renewed bluster was all on his own account, became indignant, broke from the grasp of the boys, and returned hastily to the stable, giving obvious demonstration of his state of mind by two or three harmless but violent kicks with both hinder feet, at the empty air.

The boys were wild with excitement. Robert threw his skates upon the ground, turned three somersaults into a snow-bank, threw his

cap into Julius's face, pushed Growler down the hill, and rolled down after him.

Julius produced another pair of skates for himself, and the next hour was spent in skimming the smooth surface of the stream at the foot of the hill. Their mother's voice called them to the house again.

Father, and mother, and Alice, looked very happy, and there were bundles lying on the table, and a basket stood on the floor.

"Are my little boys very happy to-day?" asked the mother, taking the fat red hand of one, and putting back the thick, clustering hair of the other from his fair brow.

"I guess we are having a pretty merry Christmas—aint we, Bob?"

"I guess mother would think so if she had some new skates and a three-bladed knife."

"It makes me quite as happy to see my boys enjoying such presents as to have them myself, and I think I am happier. Don't you feel happy to see others enjoying themselves? Do you know any little boys about here who are not having any happy Christmas to-day?"

The boys looked at each other, and Robert blushed.

"I guess Bob knows somebody," said Joseph, in a tone that seemed to say he neither knew nor cared; but he did care, and at length resumed—

"John Wilmer was over here yesterday, and he didn't have clothes enough on to keep him from freezing, scarcely, and his bare toes came through his old boots. He showed us his feet, all over chilblains, and they ached so that he couldn't help crying; and Bob cried, too."

"Robert told me about it," said the mother, "and I have found a good pair of boots that he has outgrown——"

"There now, if that don't beat the Dutch!" exclaimed Joseph. "Didn't I hunt over every old barrel in the shed, and all the boxes up garret, to find some old shoes for John, and mother has found some, after all!"

Never judge that rough, unfeeling words, are the true index of the heart; for loud, impudent tones, are often used to hide depths of tenderness that the world never suspects.

"You are a good boy, Joseph," said the mother, fondly, "and you may go and carry this basket over to Mrs. Wilmer. There is a bundle of clothes of yours and Robie's. They are very good ones, and you could wear them sometime longer, but I thought we shouldn't feel it if we got your new clothes now, and let poor little John wear these out; and there is a

shawl for Mrs. Wilmer, and a nice piece of pork to bake for their dinner, and a peck of apples in the bottom of the basket. I should have put in more apples, but there was not room enough."

"Oh, goody!" said Robert, "John said they never had any apples at their house, and I guess they don't have anything but hasty pudding and molasses."

"Well, don't forget anything. Those chickens are for Mary James, who is in consumption. Poor Mary! this is a sad Christmas for her, and she cannot live to see another."

"Wont there be a Christmas in Heaven, mother?" asked little Alice.

"Yes, sweet one, there will be a Christmas in Heaven."

"Where does this go?" Joseph inquired, lifting another huge piece of pork and a pair of chickens.

"That is father's present to old Captain Reeder, and that bag of flour goes with it. Now be sure and not make any mistake."

"Well, what shall we say?" asked Robert.

"Say that your mother sent a small Christmas present, and ask them if they will accept it."

Julius came in from the barn just then, with his arms full of some suspicious-looking packages.

"Don't think I forgot you, Marcia, and don't look so sober to-day," he said, depositing one of the parcels on her lap.

"Here, mother, is a gift from your dutiful son, and here is for father, and here for Allie. Josie and Robie got theirs this morning."

Marcia's face fairly flushed with delight as she found herself in possession of the long-coveted copy of Shakespeare's works, and her lips quivered, as she simply said—

"You are very kind, Julius."

The father's gift was Bancroft's History of the United States, and the mother's a beautiful copy of the Bible. Alice received an illustrated Pilgrim's Progress.

For a few minutes all was delighted wonder; then the father looked up at the noble face of his son with half-curious doubt. He met his glance with an open smile.

"You want to ask me where I got the money, father, to make such costly presents. I will tell you all about it now. You know that I took lessons in writing of Mr. Wallace, and one day while I was in his room, old Dr. Dobson came in, and wanted him to send the best penman he had down to his office to do some writing for him. 'Here's the very chap,'

said Wallace; 'perhaps you can take him right along with you.' The old man eyed me pretty sharply, and inquired whether I could attend him. I told him that I was fitting for college, and attending to mathematics and the languages. He said he only wanted me two or three hours in the day, and would pay me well; so I went down with him, and have been to his office every day since, and he paid me fifteen dollars last night, and engaged me for the next term."

This explanation was quite satisfactory, upon which the boys gave three cheers. Allie went and climbed into his lap. The mother wiped away a tear, and the father said—"You have done well, Julius," and Marcia came and stood by his side, with her hand on his shoulder.

A moment afterwards, and aunt, and uncle, and cousins arrived, and all was pleasant bustle and confusion.

We have not time to tell of that sumptuous Christmas dinner, which was got up in a style to tempt the strictest epicure. We will only mention how the thoughtful mother sent her little boys again, with a basketful of bits from every dainty dish on her table, to old grand-dame Hally, who lived alone in a little cottage by the brook, and who quite spoilt the feast by weeping over it.

Mr. Browning and his worthy lady did not indulge in pious congratulations that they were worthier Christians, because they gave so willingly to the poor; but they had humble and happy hearts, and a consciousness that they had done what they could.

In the evening, the happy company was increased by a few young people from the adjacent farms. There was one young man of noble bearing, beneath whose glances Marcia's eyes fell, and the warm blood tinged her cheek, and when he went away, he held her hand in his a long time, till her mother called her—

"Marcia, love, the night is too cold for you to stand there longer."

So she came in, striving in vain to hide her heart's bliss, which flashed from her eyes and beamed through every feature.

So this happy day ended, with the elder ones sitting round the fire, wondering what another Christmas would bring to them. Allie was asleep in her father's arms, the little boys dreaming on the rug, and the others silently meditating upon the various phases of human life; while the recording angel, bending over them, traced only pure and holy

actions in the great diary of Heaven for the record of this household. For, truly, he that giveth but a cup of cold water, shall not lose his reward.

PART II.

IN THE CITY.

CHAPTER I.—CHANGED.

"Mother, you are a true Christian, I know, and try to see God's hand in all our tribulations, but I can never believe that it is a good Providence that has given you such a bitter cup to drink. For myself I can say nothing. I was always impatient of my lot, and felt that I could grace a higher sphere than a country farm-house. Every instinct of my nature yearned for higher things. I always pined for the beautiful in art as well as nature; rich paintings, and sculpture, and costly adorning of house and person; and you know, mother, that I could have done anything with my talent for music, if I had only had a chance to educate myself. I have almost gone crazy with the torture it has been to me to see some rich, idle girls, fret over their music lessons, while my own soul was bursting with despair because I could not have just those privileges which were their discomfort. Perhaps it is just to punish my discontent by stripping me of all the comforts of life; but you, mother, to share such a fate, when your own life has been one continual sacrifice to the good of others. In sorrow you have been a comforter, in sickness a nurse, and you have always literally fed the hungry and clothed the naked. Your life has been a constant, living sermon upon the text—'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,' and when all professors do as you have done, there will be no need of preachers to expound the precepts of the Gospel—every life will show them forth."

There is no mistaking the rich, passionate voice—it is Marcia Browning, her proud spirit cast down but not humbled, by extreme poverty. The same gentle mother, paler, and clad in the sable robes of widowhood, looks with compassion and pity upon the proud and rebellious girl, and says gently—

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Perhaps you are unable to feel as I do, Marcia, because you are young, and eminently fitted to grace a higher place in society than that of a poor seamstress; but I feel that this life is only a little day of probation for the true life hereafter, where there is no parting,

or pain, or poverty, or longing for better things. I do not consider the good of this world worthy of account compared with the full fruition of the world to come. All we can do is to wait with patience the time of our appointed days, and be thankful for what good we do receive."

"Oh, mother, mother! you are more saintly meek than Moses himself; for he did get angry once, and I never knew you to be so; but you might as well talk these things to a stone, for all I can be made to feel them as you do. I can see no good at all—nothing but the direst evil that has befallen us. Only think what a happy and prospering family we were, all depending upon one who was strong and able to support us—a comfortable home—enough of everything and to spare—at least, you always thought so. Julius in college; the little boys just large enough to be some help, and wild enough to need the most watchful care of home influence. Now, where is our little family? Where are those headstrong boys, that no one but you could control? Torn away and carried among strangers, and separated from all that is near and dear to them! Why should you have your children taken from you, while other mothers, whose children would be better off away from them, can have them to whip and scold into young scoundrels?"

"Then here is Alice, pining to death for want of the country air, and her own haunts among the woods and fields at home; and you, mother, patiently plying your needle to earn our daily bread, while I can do nothing but sit beside you and sew, and know that you have no hope of any happiness again on earth—no hope of reunion with your children. Julius gone to the war because he could get no employment here, and want constantly threatening us with starvation."

"Where is all the bread you cast upon the waters, mother? Is it not most time to find it? That is what shatters my faith, to think how you could never know of any want or suffering without doing something to relieve it, and now you are left without a friend in the world to aid you in your distress, or tell you how they grieve for your trials."

"This is a fearful reflection upon all those promises of the Bible to those who give to the poor, but it is most certainly a just one."

"Don't, Marcia, my child. It is profanity to speak so recklessly of God's word. I wonder how you came by such skeptical thoughts. Your father never doubted God's mercy to the

last, and I never questioned His goodness, but you are full of doubts and unbelief."

"Oh, Marcia, I wish I could make you happier. I am sure that I have much to be thankful for. My children, though away from me, are true and loving, and all well but little Alice. If God sees fit to take her, she will be better off than she can be here. And don't you often feel thankful, Marcia, that these trials came upon us before you married George Shirley!"

"That is enough, mother! Yes; I would rather die of starvation than be that man's wife. I would rather be found the frozen corpse of a street beggar than to marry him. And yet how I loved him, mother! I judged him by myself, and thought that beneath all his external coldness and neglect there was wealth of tenderness and love. I was willing to sacrifice all my natural aspirations and tastes, and become for his sake what I knew I must, a farm-house drudge, without a moment's leisure for books, or music, or any recreation—his love was worth all that to me. But he never loved me, mother."

"What I thought concealed passion, was rather the total lack of it, and now I believe that he is wholly incapable of loving. He cared more for the horse he rode, and ministered more carefully to his wants than to my wishes. Oh, to have married him and been deceived! To have lavished all my depth of affection upon such a heartless, unloving being, who could turn from me in the hour of my adversity, when I would have given my own life to save him from pain! Oh, I shudder now to think what a narrow escape from a life of helpless despair!"

"Then thank God, my daughter, for the sore trial which has saved you from such a living death, for His mercy endureth forever."

"Yes, mother, I do—I do! for this mercy I will thank Him; but this is only my comfort, and not yours. You are the one to be comforted."

"And I am comforted in the thought that my first-born is not wedded to one who could not appreciate her love, or return it with the thousand little words and acts that lighten the wife's weary burden of care. I would rather see you lying dead before me than to know you must drag out your life uncheered, uncared for, and unloved. I am comforted in your comfort, Marcia, and I thank God that my great affliction has been the means of proving how much your betrothed really cared for you. If a person truly loves, the hour of

adversity will only draw the cords of affection more tightly round their hearts. I am glad, too, to see you bear his heartless desertion so bravely."

"Oh, mother, I care nothing for him now, only to abhor his mean, base nature. I loved him for what I thought him to be, and not for the selfish and sordid creature that he is. It would have broken my heart to have found my husband such a man as I know him to be! but now I have no occasion to murmur or repine, only for you, who are without one friend to cheer you or comfort you."

"I have my Saviour, Marcia, and He is always saying to me—'I will not leave you comfortless—I will give you rest.'"

CHAPTER II.—ANOTHER CHRISTMAS.

It was another night before Christmas, and Marcia Browning sat silent and pale, stitching away upon the work that was to furnish their next meal. The room was small, and scantily furnished, and on a couch lay little Alice, very thin and feeble from a recent illness. The scene is one often to be found in cities—the fearful struggle of sewing women with want and famine, and if sickness steps into the balance, God pity them!

Marcia Browning was thinking in a better train of reflections, than when she spoke so passionately to her mother about their changed fortunes. She was thinking how merciful God is to seal the book of fate from our vision, for if we knew what was in store for us in the distant future, many a soul would shrink from his lot with dismay and despair at the anticipation, who now meets an unseen fate bravely and heroically. We are hoping for better days, and when evil comes we still hope for better days. So thought Marcia Browning, and folded up her finished task with a heart swelling with the weight of endurance.

She went out to carry her work to the shop, and the tears came to her eyes as she thought how she had looked forward to this day of all the year. The gay shop windows, garlanded with evergreens, and filled with all manner of Christmas gifts, and the happy groups within who had money to purchase those beautiful toys, the cheerful hurry and bustle on the streets, brought more vividly to her mind her dreary, hopeless condition. She had worked till after midnight many nights to lay by a few dimes to purchase a chicken, an evergreen wreath, a few sweetmeats and little toys for poor, pining little Alice, to win back a smile once more to her large, sad eyes, and make a

little holiday for all; but the late illness of the child had exhausted all the hoarded store which she had reserved for a Christmas treat; it had all gone for medicine, and she must be content to let this day pass like all others.

She must work just as hard, and sit down to their frugal meal of bread and butter—meat was a luxury in which they indulged but once a week, and then but sparingly.

Her heart was very full when she entered the large and fashionable clothing establishment of Bartory & Son. She entered timidly, and laid her work before the inspector, who was a sharp, business-like man, with a hasty manner and a quick voice, with much more of business-like dispatch than of harshness in his deportment. Marcia was but a novice in the art of sewing, and fairly trembled with apprehension lest his practiced eye should detect faults of which she was not aware.

Mr. Willoughby took the garment, glanced at it hastily and professionally, and threw it down. There was no prognostic shadow on his brow, but he said, in his quick, business tones—

"Bad, very bad! I don't see how it happened."

Then there was a long pause, but Marcia could not trust her voice to reply, and he went on to make some ominous remarks, of which she only understood that their work must be done well, and there were those who could suit them much better than she did.

Perhaps her deep sorrows had in a measure given her clearer views of the world and its different human phases. Perhaps the bitter cup of her affliction had been an opiate to her strong pride and passion, for she felt no resentment towards him, who so insensibly took from her hands the last hope of maintenance. A great gulf yawned before her—a gulf of desolation and despair, into which she must sink, but could not perish; yet she could not blame the hand that so unconsciously reached to thrust her in, for she felt that this man had only to deal with the stitches of her needle, and not with her, and at that moment she felt that it was presumption in her to expect that he could do from pity what a hundred others might with equal propriety demand of him. But she thought of the feeble ones in their squalid home, and courage gave way to despair and tears; few, but of distilled bitterness, fell from her eyes, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them. The bustling man of business saw them, and a vague idea of the grim

spectre, Want, flitted across his imagination and moved him to pity, for Marcia went away with her usual bundle of work in her arms, humbler than ever, but thankful.

A hasty walk in the bracing air, and a masterly effort of will, effaced all traces of discomposure by the time she reached her dwelling. Alice was brighter than usual, and was rehearsing to her mother the incidents of many a former Christmas.

"Poor Auntie Holly cried, mamma, when she told me how you always sent her something good on Christmas, and I remember that she said the Lord would never let you want for food. She's dead now; it would be too bad if she was there now and you couldn't give her anything to-morrow, wouldn't it? I shant hang up my stocking to-night, Marcia. Santa Claus don't have anything for such poor folks as we are," she said, archly.

Marcia almost cried aloud as this sorrow pierced her wounded heart.

"Never mind, Allie, darling," said the mother, cheerfully; "a contented mind is a continual feast; and if we are contented with our lot, we are better off than a great many rich people who are miserable because they are not contented."

"That means, mother, that if we are only contented all the time, we shall be feasting all the time. I guess I will try it."

A sharp rap at the door broke up the conference, and Marcia answered the summons. A countryman, with a brace of fowls in his hand, stood on the threshold.

"Does Mrs. Browning live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe these are to be left here."

"I think there is some mistake, sir. We have not ordered anything of the kind," said Marcia.

"Oh, it's all right," replied the smiling man.

"I guess this is the place," laying them on the table as he spoke, for Marcia was too much surprised to speak or to take them.

"May we not know who to thank for such a kindness?" inquired Mrs. Browning.

The man hesitated, but finally said—

"Mr. Willoughby ordered them to be left here, madam."

When he had gone, the mother said to her now weeping daughter—

"Why doubt the goodness of God any longer, my child! Does He not fulfil all His promises to the widow and fatherless? How sweetly He has raised up friends for us, in the darkest hour of our trial. Your employer can never know how deeply his kindness sinks

into our hearts, like balm from Gilead, but God will pour upon his soul all the rich blessings He has promised to the cheerful giver, for I know by a pleasant experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive, though I have learned to-night that it is very sweet to have the assurance of good will, by receiving such little tokens as these. You will not fail to tell Mr. Willoughby how much we appreciate his kindness, will you, daughter?"

"I don't think I can ever mention it to him, mother; he is so unconscious and business-like. I don't think I can speak to him about it. I feel it so deeply, while he is so unconcerned, and perhaps he would rather not have it mentioned. God will tell him how we treasure his little act of kindness."

Another rap at the door made them start, and this time a handsome stripling, very like the absent young soldier, stood at the door. His face was radiant with noble and generous emotions, as he said cheerily—

"Here are some things for Mrs. Browning, if you will please empty the basket."

"I think it must be another Mrs. Browning," said the now bewildered Marcia.

"Oh, no; there's no mistake, this is the place," answered the youth, smiling still more at her confusion.

"At least tell us who has remembered us so kindly on this night," said Marcia, all her pride laid low, as she took from the basket sugar, crackers, raisins, and lifted the heavy sack of flour from the floor. The lad hesitated and replied—

"Perhaps you will learn some time. I think I may not tell you now."

"Then return our most earnest thanks to the giver, will you not?"

He bowed assent, and disappeared.

"This too must be through Mr. Willoughby's kindness," said Marcia, while a solemn look sat on her brow, in place of the usual haughty expression. "God is good to you, mother; you have deserved it, but I"—

"You have been a good daughter, Marcia."

"But a rebellious Christian. From this night, mother, I will never murmur."

Christmas morning came holy and calm to the changed home of the Brownings, but it shone into happy hearts, for the proud girl had learned the lesson of humility; and the patient mother blessed God for it, and the Dove of peace, the Holy Spirit, whispered, "My peace I give unto you."

Mr. Willoughby was wonderfully serene and comfortable that day, and really wondered

why it was that he enjoyed the day so well. He was by no means conceited enough to fancy his little Christmas gift could affect his temper in this wise.

In the low rooms of the Brownings the Christmas dinner was going to the table, by the fair hands of Marcia. The mother was striving to veil what only a mother's heart can feel when her little ones are taken from her, while Allie was brighter than ever in the delights of a Christmas dinner.

The sad moment had come, when the little group gathered round the board, so amply furnished by kind, stranger hands. Marcia could scarcely restrain her tears, while Allie's flowed freely, for each thought bitterly of the absent ones. But they soon conquered this natural weakness, and were quite cheerful over their rare meal. In the midst of their dinner and cheerful conversation, the door opened slowly, and a soldier entered. His cloak concealed his figure, his cap was slouched over his eyes, and the left arm was in a sling. The mother glanced at him and cried, "My son, my son!" then fainted on his bosom.

When, an hour after, they were all calm enough to listen, Julius explained to them, with a glowing face, the circumstances of his sudden return. He had been wounded while on picket duty by a hostile bullet, and procured his discharge.

Before his enlistment he had spent two months in seeking employment, and had failed in every effort, and in despair at length enlisted. We would not intimate any shrinking from patriotic duty on the part of our young soldier, for no doubt he would gladly have sprang to the rescue of his country's banner with loyal zeal, had his father lived and their little property still been enough for their maintenance. But now, he felt that his first duty must be to the mother who gave him being, and who had no other friend to sustain her declining years, and if he should fall in battle, what could that little family do without him?

The week after he went into camp, he received a letter from Dr. Dobson, urging his acceptance of a clerkship in his establishment; but it was too late. Immediately upon receiving the wound which disabled him for service, he wrote to his old friend to ascertain if he could still have this situation, and receiving a favorable reply, with the offer of a salary double his present pay, he procured his discharge, and arrived at home in season to make the lowly home of the widow a scene of Christmas rejoicing.

The hour of deep darkness and desolation was past. The sickening dread of war, the lonely pining for her children, the extremity of want, all were over; for the salary of Julius was ample and sufficient for their need. The little boys could now come home, or what was better, spend their summers among the healthful scenes of farm-life, and come home to school in the winter.

Marcia's faith was established, and she had learned to trust in all God's promises, even that which says—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

PORTLAND, ME.

A Prayer.

BY A. C. S. A.

Father, for strength we pray;

For strength and light,
To shine o'er the highway
Of Truth and Right;

We would not live in vain,
To die at last,

A worthless human waif,
From time's surge cast.

There is so much to do,
This sin's dark night;

"The laborers are few,"

"The fields are white;"

We must not stop to dream,

'Till life is gone;

We must not sleep if we
Would see the dawn.

Father, thy plans are wise;

Thou knowest why

The star-hosts of the skies,

Which burning lie

Along the aisles of space,

With different lights,

Blend with the blaze of suns,

Pale satellites.

And though our pathway lie,

Not o'er the hills;

The mighty river's depth

Is formed by rills;

And we may bless the earth,

If we arise

And scatter seed to bloom

In Paradise.

Father, lift from our souls

Inaction's chain;

We would not at life's close

Have lived in vain;

Help us to aid the right,

Where'er it be;

Shed o'er our souls the light

Which shows us Thee.

Our Shadows;

OR, KITTY SUMMERS.

BY ROSELLA.

"She gave me a look that nearly killed me!"

These words have been with me all night and all day to-day. Kitty Summers said them to me yesterday, while gathering a bouquet for me in her nice little garden.

It came about in this way. Among Kitty's schoolmates in her girl-days, was one girl she dearly loved—Mary Reed. But, Kitty was beautiful—soft brown eyes, hair of that shiny tint between brown and golden—a lovely complexion of clear pink and white. She was admired, flattered and sought after; the magnetism of her wondrously fair face drew after her scores of admirers, and, at nineteen, in the full ripeness and flush of her girlhood, Kitty fell, and her poor name became a shame and a bye-word. Alas! alas! that it must be so!

From thence their paths diverged. And now it is seventeen years since that time. Kitty is married to a poor, good, honest man, and she is a good woman, and as happy as she can be with the old grief all the time tugging at and burning in her heart, and marring all the memories of her girlhood.

Mary Reed is married to the village store-keeper; she dresses grandly, leads in all the fashions, and is envied by the envious. She was dashing past Kitty's low, viny cottage in her carriage, when, as Kitty said yesterday, she gave her a look that nearly killed her. A look! Why should she do it? No good could come of it, and oh, so much sorrow!

Poor Kitty! She was standing beside a great, leafy, flowering bean vine, that shot up like a crimson flame, so full it was of pendent, swinging scarlet flowers; and she bowed her head against it and wept as she told me.

Poor Kitty! The golden shine still shimmered in her hair as she stood in the slanting sunbeams, the hot blood flushing her fair forehead, as she bent among the flaming flowers.

Oh, I thought as I soothed her, I had rather possess her meek, sensitive nature, clinging to everything beautiful, washed to dimness with hot tears, scarred with unkindly looks, and sneers, and scoffs, than be one of those cold worldlings, who live in fear and dread all the time of the criticisms of the Miss McFlimseys and the Mrs. Grundys, and what the outside world may say of them.

He was "a man of sorrows" once, "and acquainted with grief." He was meek and

lowly, forgiving the outcast Magdalen, even, tenderly. He went about doing good, blessing the poor—caressing little children—what a precious example our Saviour was!

Yet we, with our lives only a span long, speak condemnatory words of our neighbors every day; we judge harshly, unkindly; we are selfish; we complain; we magnify our troubles and others' faults and shortcomings, and look upon ourselves and our conduct as right and irreproachable. And—smallest, little stinging deed of all, we give unkind, cold, sneering or harsh looks, to those whom we do not like.

Oh, if we would be at all like Christ, we must make our natures pure and unselfish, lovely and lovable.

We think of this every day, and yet feel that we do not get one step nearer the standard high up that we look longingly upon. We must strive to be more like Him, even if we fail in the attempt. Great obstacles that loom up like mountains before us, are easier overcome than the little difficulties that lie at our feet, and trouble us every day.

It is hard to smile pleasantly when we are annoyed—hard to keep back the angry retort—and very hard to be charitable in our judgment and liberal-minded, and serene-tempered, and perfectly noble in all our thoughts and deeds.

There is much comfort and much cheer, we think, for women, especially—for their lives are fuller of petty trials, and crosses, and wearisome annoyances, than men's—in the good old reliable words—"Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city."

Instil this mother-of-pearl proverb, then, into the minds of your children, mothers; at the same time cultivate meekness, and patience, and forbearance, and a serene sweetness of temper and demeanor—mindful of the looks we give, the little tell-tale glances—the "shadows we cast," believing, as we do, that in the sight of God and the angels, the greatest heroes are the humble, patient, forbearing, loving Christian mothers. Women unknown to the world, save in the little circle surrounding them.

We venture to say this in a tender, reverent fear, lest others, seeing with a clearer vision, may deem it sacrilege.

SYLVAN DELL, O.

"Do you want your audience attentive?" said Dr. Emmons; "then give them something to attend to."

The Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

PART III.

"Louise," said Mrs. Kenneth, as soon as she was alone with her daughter, "I've just come from a long interview with the doctor, regarding you. He thinks we must get you off to the mountains as soon as possible. What do you think of starting as he recommends, the early part of next week?"

The young convalescent turned her startled face towards her mother.

"I am not strong enough for such a journey, mamma; I can hardly get across the room, now."

"And for that very reason we want to get you into a more invigorating atmosphere. My dear child," and the mother in her, made the voice and face of Mrs. Kenneth very tender as she leaned forwards and stroked the thin, pale cheek—"I want to get the lost plumpness and some fresh roses here; and we must carry you to the mountains in quest of them."

"Roses are not indigenous to this soil, mamma—I thought you knew *that*;" with a half arch, half languid smile. "I fear our quest will be as vain as the search after the 'Fountain of Perpetual Youth.'"

Quite delighted to find that her daughter was getting back to her old playful style of talking, Mrs. Kenneth made some bantering rejoinder, but soon recurred to her first topic. She made up her mind on Louise's immediate removal, and Mrs. Kenneth was a woman of great executive force. She never allowed small obstacles to stand in her way, and disposed of all those which her daughter, with the natural dread of exertion which comes with physical weakness, advanced to this suggestion, and at last Louise was half persuaded, half compelled into consenting to the journey.

After this matter was settled, the young girl's mind reverted to Janet, and her sympathy and interest impelled her to speak to her mother.

"Mamma, do you know I take a very unusual interest in this little Janet Strong?"

"I judged so, my dear, when I opened the door, and found you both in such confidential attitudes."

"She was telling me the story of her life. Poor child! it is a touching one, and I was trying to give her a little counsel, such as a girl in her condition—pretty, and poor, and friendless, would be likely to need. I owe her

at least a debt of gratitude; she has been so kind and thoughtful during my illness.

"Yes, I have been much gratified with Janet's care for you. She is, as you say, a nice, handy girl, very well-behaved, too, for one in *her* position."

"But, mamma, she is really above her position—quite out of place, indeed. I am sure she feels it, too, though she is never intrusive. She can't find the society in the kitchen very edifying or congenial, and is excluded, of course, from that above it. But I am very sorry for her. Under different circumstances, she has in her the elements of a real lady."

"You are a little enthusiastic, my dear. Janet is certainly superior to most servants, but she seems to occupy the position in which Providence has placed her, and may be very happy in it. If we should put any new ideas into her head, she would be likely to take on airs, and become dissatisfied. I have learned from experience that it is dangerous to meddle with people in her condition; somehow, they can't bear it."

How different was this reply from the one which Louise was sure her aunt would have made under the circumstances. The contrast between the two women never struck her so vividly before. Perhaps for the first time in her life, Louise Kenneth was painfully conscious of something hard and narrow in her mother. She felt some barrenness of deep-flowing, generous sympathies. All the doors on the tender side of Mrs. Kenneth's nature were locked and barred against such as Janet. Louise would not have put the truth so plainly as this, but a little sigh half articulated her conviction. Perhaps her mother heard it, for she added—

"I am glad that you take this kindly interest in the girl; I shall certainly do all that is in my power for her comfort and advantage."

So the conversation respecting Janet closed betwixt the mother and daughter. It was never resumed afterwards.

Janet Strong went to her room in a tumult of feeling such as she had never experienced before. A great crisis had come to this child's life. She little thought that this struggle was that old, new struggle of good and evil, which we must all carry, step by step, from the cradle to the grave.

The words of Louise Kenneth had only partially enlightened her; they had only quickened the intuitions, and doubts, and fears, which had troubled her so long.

Her faith in the man, Robert Crandall, was

by no means perished. His presence—a few words from him, would have dissipated any slight suspicions which, never crystallized in thought, might still have floated in her mind. Still, she *felt* the force of what Louise Kenneth had said—her innate truthfulness compelled her to it.

But the heart of this poor Janet turned away from its highest conviction of right to the sweet persuasions of its own inclinations and desires. It was not right, perhaps—but oh, it was so very natural!

That new home beckoned her, with all its pleasant prospects and promises—the one friend in all the world who loved her, stood waiting with open hands and heart to receive her; new, easy tasks, with remuneration, which in her eyes were like riches, were offered her. Pride, affection, aspiration, ease, self-love—everything, were in one balance. Ah, many a strong man has been bought with a less price than this to betray his highest loyalty to the right—many a woman has sold her birthright for a mess of pottage such as could not be named with this of Janet Strong's.

And then, in contrast with the new life, would rise up the old one—hard, and blank, and dreary, all the color and fragrance which Robert Crandall had given it vanished out of it. It made her heart ache to think about these times. She could not go back to them once more.

How could she grieve and offend the only friend she had on earth by refusing to go to him? Perhaps he would be so astonished and displeased that he would make up his mind never to write her—never to see her again; and no wonder if he did, when she was so ungrateful for all his care and pains.

"Oh, I will go—I *must* go," said Janet, over and over again to herself. She said it at her work, in her heart; she said it with her lips, in the silence of her own room; she said it when she first awoke in the morning, and she sank to sleep at night with these last words on her lips.

And how little Mrs. Kenneth, busy with her "societies and sewing-circles," her "Boards" and "Beneficiaries," dreamed of the mighty struggle which was going on under her own roof—that struggle which makes the one great Tragedy—the one mighty Reality of human life.

For Janet, although she told herself so many times she would surely go, still hesitated—still drew back. Something away down in her soul still protested, still warned, still entreated.

The soft, solemn voice of Louise Kenneth still echoed in the "wide, silent spaces" of her thoughts.

Confused, tossed, distracted, that conviction still held itself fast anchored in her soul that it was not honest—*right* to leave Mrs. Kenneth's house at the time and in the manner she had covenanted with Robert Crandall to do.

And to his credit, and Janet's too, be it written, that there had never transpired any word or act during their acquaintance which afforded her ground for the slightest suspicion that he was not in their relations all that he professed to be.

Something in Janet's youth and innocence had invested her with a kind of sacredness in his eyes, and Robert Crandall had always treated her with as much respectful tenderness as in a different way he did his own mother. The fond pressure of her hand, the soft kisses on her half-drooped forehead, had always in them that air of grave tenderness with which the young man might have bestowed them on the woman he was wooing for his wife; and in this there was no acting on his part—no coarse word, or jest, ever dropped, from his lips in her presence. Thus far his aunt's servant was sacred in the eyes of Robert Crandall.

He took pleasure in the thought—a right one, sometimes—and alas! sometimes he took refuge in it, when there seemed to roll down from the future a solemn warning to him.

Janet's thoughts went over all this acquaintance with some new interest or curiosity—she could not have told *why* that last night, as she said to herself she should ever sleep in her little room at Mrs. Kenneth's, and there was nothing which suspicions far more alert than hers could have found to confirm themselves in any word or act of Robert Crandall's.

She heard the clock strike midnight.

"Oh, dear, I must be up early and pack my trunk to-morrow morning," said Janet, and she turned over, and after a long trial to forget everything, fell asleep.

And the next morning she was awake early, and packed her small wardrobe, for the man would call for it soon after dark.

But all that day she was restless and wretched—so much so, that once with a sense of utter loneliness crowding down on her, she was well nigh tempted to hasten to Louise Kenneth and confide to her the whole story. But some friends of that young lady engrossed her every moment of the day that she could sit up; so this was not to be thought

of, and probably Janet's heart would have failed her at the last moment.

Late in the afternoon she went up stairs to her own room again, and sitting down by her trunk sobbed passionately, for as the time drew near for her departure, some indefinable dread and foreboding seemed to grow on Janet Strong.

"I wish that I knew just what I ought to do," she murmured, with the tears dripping down her cheeks. "If my own dear dead mother was only here this minute, and I could lay my head right down in her lap and tell her just how it was, and ask her what I should do, and if she said, 'Don't go, Janet, my child,' why, I wouldn't stir one step, not even for your sake, oh, my dear, darling brother, Robert Crandall."

And with this name there came another passionate storm of tears out of the little bewildered, distracted heart, but beyond the tears a voice seemed to speak, "Janet, you believe—you are certain in your own soul that if your mother could speak to you now, she would tell you never to take this flight."

Down there in the corner of her room by her trunk, Janet sat with the great tears a-drip on her cheeks, rocking to and fro, and deciding her destiny. The little maiden was in a sore strait. On one side was her dead mother's disapproval, for Janet did not attempt to refute the voice which had spoken the truth in her soul; on the other side was all which seemed to make life of any worth or gladness to her.

How she fluctuated back and forth, tossed on the winds and waves of her feelings and fears, I cannot tell—how the sweet young girl grew white and drawn with that inward agony—how she wrung her hands and groaned out her incoherent prayers for help—all this you must surmise for yourself.

But at last she sprang up, shaking in every limb, lighted her lamp, and with hurried breaths, which were like deep drawn sighs, wrote a note.

"DEAR, DEAR ROBERT—My friend and brother, I cannot come to you to-night. I have been wanting to all day. I long to now more than you can ever know; and it seems as though my heart was breaking to write this, but something away down there tells me I shall be doing wrong to run away without telling Mrs. Kenneth—that if my dear mother was here to-night she would tell me *I must not do this thing*. Oh, Robert! oh, my brother! my

best, my only friend, in all this wide, cold world, do not be angry with me, do forgive me, do still let me be to you

"Your loving sister,

JANET."

She folded this little epistle, so touching because it had leaped right out of her heart, and hurried down stairs, not daring to think the matter over for fear her resolution would fail her.

In a few moments her heart sprang up into her throat, for she heard the side door bell. When she answered it she found a large, tall man there, whose face she could not clearly distinguish in the semi-darkness, who asked her in a low, significant tone, if her name was "Janet Strong."

"Yes." She was shaking like a leaf driven about of autumn winds.

"Is your trunk ready?"

"No." In a low, rapid, but decided tone. "I cannot leave to-night. It is impossible. Here is a letter to Mr. Crandall, which explains all. Will you mail it at once?"

The man was evidently amazed and bewildered. He seemed uncertain what to do, and was evidently on the point of expostulating with the girl, or making some inquiries respecting her decision. But Janet in her earnestness and agitation would not trust herself to listen.

"You must get that to the post office at once—you must indeed," she said, and closed the door.

Then she went up stairs. She did not know whether she was glad or sorry for what she had done; but oh! if her mother in Heaven knew through what awful peril her child had passed that night, and from what fate she had been scarcely delivered, that mother's song must have throbbed with new, silvery thankfulness through the wide, white spaces of Heaven. As for Janet, she threw herself down on the bed, and worn out by the tumult of feelings through which she had passed, dropped into a heavy slumber, and it may be the angels rejoiced over her.

Four days had passed. They had been slow, miserable days to Janet, for she had not heard from Robert Crandall during this time, and a fear that she had offended him mortally haunted and sickened her heart. Her sense of right and wrong became greatly confused at this time, and there were moments when she deeply regretted the course she had taken, and accused herself of the basest ingratitude

in not trusting implicitly to the judgment of her only friend.

This internal strife blanched her cheeks, and banished the bloom and light from her face, in a way that would certainly have excited remark, if the whole family had not been much engrossed in the departure of Mrs. Kenneth and her daughters, for it was finally resolved that her sisters should accompany Louise to the mountains.

This evening of which I am to write, Janet was left quite alone in the house, for the young ladies were out at a party, and would not be home before midnight. And Janet walked alone up and down the parlor, her young face fallen into a great sadness and pain that was pitiful to see, with the doubt in her brain, and the pain in her heart.

The bell rang suddenly. It was nothing very unusual, but Janet's pulse fluttered as she went to the door, and opened it. There stood Robert Crandall.

"Janet."

The tone said all; there was no anger in it, only a reproof tender as a caress. She drew a long breath and tried to speak, but her words failed. Robert Crandall's heart was certainly very full of regret and pity as he looked in the pale face. He drew her into the parlor, and there her feelings made themselves way in passionate sobs and tears as she clung to him, in vehement joy and grief, this poor, lonely Janet!

Robert Crandall was deeply moved. He soothed her with words and soft caresses, as an elder brother would some little, wayward, troubled sister; and at last the sobs and the tears cleared themselves away, and Janet looked up and smiled in a sweet, tremulously pleading way, that was more touching than words can describe.

"Oh, Robert, I feared you were angry with me!"

"It would be impossible for me to be that with you, little Janet; but do you know you have been giving me a great deal of anxiety and trouble; so much so, that I could neither study nor sleep, and so at last I have come all this way to learn the truth from your own lips."

"I could not help it Robert. I tried to come, but something held me back, it was impossible."

He did not argue with her here.

"I want to know all about it. How any, any crotchet got into your foolish little head or heart, and who put it there—you will tell me all, Janet."

"Everything."

And Janet did; commencing her relation with the conversation which had transpired betwixt her and Louise Kenneth; and all the doubts and fears, the uncertainty and pain which had followed it, until that last night when the thought of her dead mother, and the solemn conviction of her disapproval, had decided the matter; and as Janet talked the color stole back to her cheeks, her voice grew earnest and steady, the fear which she had entertained seemed legitimate and right, and she no longer regarded herself as weak and wrong in resolving to leave Mrs. Kenneth's in a different fashion.

Robert Crandall perceived this, and it made him uneasy: he could not fairly meet Janet on the moral grounds of her argument, and he evaded it by another issue.

"And so, Janet, you have concluded to give up your engagement, because of some vague fear or doubt, utterly without foundation on your part?"

She hastened to re-assure him on this point. "Oh no, Robert, I am ready—I shall be glad with my whole heart to go, only I want to do it fairly, openly, honorably."

The words somehow slipped out of her lips. The late reaction had come; the strength and courage which sooner or later follows a great sacrifice for right's sake. Take care now, Robert Crandall. Her atmosphere is clearer, her intuitions are keener than ordinarily. The sophistries that will blind her here must be specious now. He resorted to the plea which had proved so effectual in their last interview.

"I have made a mistake, it seems," said the grave, tenderly, reproachful voice. "I believed this little sister of mine had perfect confidence in me, and when she knew that circumstances made it necessary for my sake that her departure should be kept a secret she would trust me."

The tears strained themselves into the blue eyes at that voice; but just then, like a silvery chime, stole across the girl's memory those solemn words of Louise Kenneth's, "Though a man plead like an angel, do not trust him before your deepest convictions of right."

"Robert," she said, "tell me what these reasons are. I believe—I know they must be right ones, only when I come to see them myself they will remove fear of doing wrong."

Her sweet, truthful eyes were on his face. How could he then and there make up some lie to suit the emergency. Her question went

down to the core of the wrong he had been doing. It stung him, and there was irritation and haste in his answer.

"No. Janet don't adjure me there. I can't tell you. There are reasons good and sufficient why I must keep this matter secret. Don't ride this hobby any longer."

She drew a long breath of pain and disappointment for answer. The words were not so much as the voice, and that did not bear with it a conviction of truth to the soul of Janet Strong.

"Well, Janet," in a half annoyed, half impatient tone, "we must come to some settlement of the thing, and not waste words in this fashion. Just put me out of the question now—what would you be most likely to do about it?"

He had unconsciously put the inquiry against himself, while it was his intention to do it in a directly opposite way. In her simplicity Janet answered—

"I should like to tell Mrs. Kenneth that I have made up my mind to leave, because I have found a new situation, and one which I shall like better."

"But don't you see, you foolish child, that the matter won't rest there; they will find out where you are going and get some notion into their head, and, first you'll know all our acquaintance will leak out—you may depend on that."

He was off his guard; the petulant, annoyed tones were not those with which Robert Crandall usually addressed her.

"I don't think they would take such a deep interest in my matters. But if they *did* learn that you were my friend, and had served me about getting this place, surely there is nothing in that which either you or I need be ashamed of, or to which they could object."

"The devil there isn't!" said Robert Crandall.

The words were out before he stopped to think of them. Janet's look of amazement, well nigh horror, recalled him to himself. Factory girl though she had been, servant though she was, Janet's habitual speech was as free from all coarse allusions, all slang expressions, as the truest lady's—a lady I mean by gift of God and cultivation of heart and soul.

"Robert Crandall!"

The words were hardly louder than a sigh, but there was in them something of pain, amazement, doubt, which it was not pleasant for the owner of that name to hear. He

hastened to obviate the effect of his words; but somehow he felt as though he was losing ground and dignity before the girl.

"Forgive me, Janet. I really was unconscious of what I said. You see what alarm and anxiety in this thing have done for me."

"I see, Robert," her face almost as sad as her voice.

"And don't you see too, that my family could never be made to understand an intimacy like ours. They would be certain to imagine there was something wrong about it, which we of course know there is not, but it would be impossible to convince them."

Another long-drawn sigh, born of another doubt, stirring itself into life at his words.

"Come, Janet," and Robert Crandall drew near her with the old tenderness in his manner. "Put away from you all these miserable doubts which harass and perplex you. You know nothing about the world, little innocent, lonely thing that you are. Trust yourself with me."

She looked up now, her face coming out into some new meaning, and her words clearing themselves out fervent with feeling.

"I know it is as you say, Robert. I am all alone in the world—no father, no mother, no friend but you; wanting above all things to do what is right, and puzzled and troubled to know what that is; and knowing too, because I am so lonely, and young, and ignorant, and that I must take the greater care of myself; that I must never do anything to be sorry for afterwards, when it is too late to change, and there will be no one to save me from the consequences of any rash or foolish act; and therefore standing all alone I must take double care of my actions—I must always respect myself."

Janet felt almost inspired at this moment; she certainly spoke and looked above her usual self; there was a dignity in her manner, as there was a force in her words, which would not have misbecome a queen. They reached whatsoever was generous or manly in the soul of Robert Crandall. He leaned towards Janet, and laid his hand on her shoulder, as she sat by his side on the sofa.

"Little Janet," he said, in a voice which his emotion made tender, "you are a good, noble girl, and I mean to be your true friend—always."

Her heart thrilled to his words. Her undefined doubts seemed to vanish away. And in that returning confidence she said to him—

"I will not ask you any more questions on

this matter, Robert, only if I was one of your own sisters, sitting here by your side as I do now, orphaned and friendless, would you tell her to leave Mrs. Kenneth's just as you tell me, and would these private reasons of yours justify you for it? Think a moment now, and answer me as you would if my dead mother were here to judge betwixt us two, and if you say 'Yes,' I will go."

She said this with a strange solemnity creeping into her voice and face, with those deep, truthful eyes searching away down into his, and when she paused Robert Crandall was not bad enough to utter a lie that he felt would be a curse on all his future; his heart or his brain failed him.

And in that moment a wild impulse seized the young man to secure Janet at all hazards, to take her at once from his aunt's, send her to school for a year or two, and then make her his wife.

"Where could he ever find," he asked himself, "a sweeter, purer, truer one. He would marry her privately, and when it was done, his family might storm as much as they liked; give Janet social and educational advantages, and he would match her against any of his lady sisters for grace, beauty, or intelligence, and it was his happiness and not their pride that he would consult."

The words had almost passed his lips, and then he drew back. In that moment when the better part of the man was uppermost, he dared not trust himself. It would be years before he could take Janet to wife, and in those years he might regret the promise into which the passion of his early youth had plunged him. If his honor was once pledged it could not be recalled. He did not know what circumstances might arise to make him sorely regret his rashness.

And perhaps with these noble thoughts mingled others less creditable to him. He had a young man's keen sense of ridicule which often springs from lack of moral courage. He thought how his classmates would laugh over his "misalliance," and the contempt and horror with which his family would say, "Our Robert has married Aunt Caroline's servant!"

Janet sat breathless, with her strained blue eyes watching the face of Robert Crandall. She could not tell all which went on in the heart beneath it, but she saw that he could not answer her question.

A great dread seized her. Her eyes were opened suddenly. It seemed as though all the anchors of her hope and faith were giving

way. She covered her face with her hands, and the cry of her soul wailed through the room—

"Oh Robert Crandall, Robert Crandall!"

It seemed to him that unconsciously her soul took vengeance on him with that cry. He had never felt so utterly humiliated in his life. He laid his hand on her arm, and his confession was stammered out, much like a culprit's at the bar, for he felt that moment as though he deserved almost any punishment for the sorrow he had wrought.

"Janet, I am a scoundrel, I know, and I cannot trust myself, but I never laid any plan to do you any harm beyond taking you away from here. I tell you this as before God. What I might have done afterwards, tempted of the devil, when you were in my power, I cannot tell, but I speak the truth now; look up in my face and see it."

She did look up with her pallid, frightened face, and so far believed him; but the truth had come to her suddenly—a blow that her soul fairly staggered under, and it moaned out as she rocked backwards and forwards more to herself than to him—

"Oh, Robert Crandall, Robert Crandall, I thought you were noble, and manly, and true to the core. I believed in you as I believed in my dead mother. In the whole world I thought there was no man to be compared to you in goodness, and you would have wronged and deceived me, and now I can never trust any one again; and I wish I was lying away out in the dark country hollow this very night by my mother's side."

And so the poor distracted soul made its plaint over its lost idol. Every word was like a blow to him who listened. In that moment Robert Crandall almost cursed himself for the part he had acted. His higher nature asserted itself, and for the time showed him the essential shame and dishonor of the part he had acted.

He went to Janet at last and lifted her head from her hands, where she had buried it, and he said, in a voice of such penitence as no human ear had never before heard from the lips of Robert Crandall—

"Janet, I acknowledge with sorrow and shame whatsoever wrong I have done in this matter. I cannot trust myself, therefore you have no right to trust me, and I believe you are doing what is right to refuse to go with me, much as I want you, and sorry as I shall probably be by to-morrow morning that I did not prevail upon you to do it. You can have no doubt

that I have always held you in as profound respect as it is possible for me to any lady whom I have ever known, when you remember all our acquaintance, and for the rest it seems to me that I would sooner cut off this right hand than do you any harm. Will you forgive me?"

There had been no anger in her heart, only a great loss and grief. She put out her hand—"Yes, Robert."

He held it, that other side of him half got the mastery again.

"Janet," he said, "now I have told you all, are you afraid to trust me—will you go with me?"

She was pendulous for a moment even then. The eyes, the voice of this man, the only one on earth she loved, were hard to resist. Then her will gathered itself up mightily. Her face settled into a resolution that she would hold to the death. She rose up—

"No. I will not go with you Robert Crandall; so help me God, I will not go with you."

Her voice swelled almost into a cry, for it came up to those words on a mighty effort. Then she sat down; a dry sob shivered and shivered through her. Neither spoke for a while, and in that silence one of the city clocks struck midnight.

It was not safe for the young man to remain any longer. His cousins might return any moment. They looked at each other—

"I must take the morning train back," he said. "None of my family know I am here. I saw my cousins leave the house while I watched it, and I knew it was safe to come. You shall hear from me after I return. Good-bye, Janet."

He drew her towards him.

"Good-bye, Robert."

They looked at each other. There were tears in the eyes of both.

"Janet, you will not hate me? You will believe always that I loved you, better than even I myself knew until to night?"

"I will not hate you—I will believe it, Robert."

He kissed the little, white, sad face, not trusting himself for any more words, and went out.

And as he left the steps, in the midst of his disappointment and pain, and both were keen and sharp, Robert Crandall was conscious of a sensation of relief, a throb of exultation. That awful spectre of Remorse which he had sometimes caught glimpses of stalking dimly through the future years, and casting its black

shadow of memory and reproach over all his life, had vanished away.

And for Janet, she went with her white, strained face, and her heavy, heavy head, up to her room that night; but rejoice oh, angels, and sing if you may oh, mother, some new song of gratitude where the white wings of the seraphs make "silver mists" through the eternal spaces, for your child is saved, saved, saved!

And for Janet—back once more into the old groove in which her life was set before Robert Crandall came across it, the old, lonely, desolate, baffled days, the hunger at her heart made keener for the banquet to which she had gone up a little while before, the contrast between the gray, chilly life made stronger, for the sweet fragrance and color which had preceded them; all this Janet struggled with, but such a crisis lived through, such a temptation conquered, did not leave her as it found her. In her inmost soul she never regretted the decision of that night. Courage and strength, and the deeper insight that comes of evil resisted, were given her.

And new, hungry aspirations followed, which were the natural result of her intimacy with Robert Crandall. She fretted sorely against her present position. She covenanted with herself to leave it; and here Janet proved the true stamina of her nature, by not wasting herself in vain longings, and regrets, and dissatisfaction with her lot. All these took a definite, practical form.

She had no friends to apply to for counsel or assistance in this matter. There was Robert Crandall—but the poor, wounded heart put away this thought. She should not dare to trust him, although he had written her several times letters, kind and tender as his former ones, and she had replied briefly and gravely to these. But it was always a great pain to do this. She wanted to get away where she could never hear from him again, and he should not know whether she were living or dead.

So Janet made her plans unassisted, unless of angels; her wardrobe was so well supplied now that it would last her a year, and she was resolved to go back to the old factory town which she had left, and try and find some place in its vicinity where she could work for her board, and attend the district school. She would study very diligently for a year, doing all that was in her power for her general improvement, and at the end of that period it was possible that she might be advanced

enough to take charge of an infant school, or obtain some other position. So reasoned Janet—so she acted. She remained with Mrs. Kenneth for nearly three months after her last interview with Robert Crandall, carefully hoarding up her small wages, and then she left, a little before his vacation, not daring to trust either him or herself with another meeting.

Mrs. Kenneth was very kind, indeed she had been so in a marked degree, ever since her daughter's illness. She regretted to part with the girl for various reasons, and made many inquiries about her future plans and destination. But Janet revealed as little of these as possible, for she wished nothing of her future to reach the ears of Robert Crandall. She simply informed Mrs. Kenneth that she was intending to visit some acquaintances in her native town, but she should not remain there, neither had she decided where she should go.

There was a dignity in Janet's answer which, servant as she was, baffled the lady's curiosity. She got nothing farther out of her. The week after Janet's departure Louise Kenneth returned, quite restored in health. She was greatly surprised at Janet's departure, and made many inquiries respecting her destination, but her mother could give her little satisfaction. Robert Crandall happened to hear the topic discussed between the mother and daughter on the first afternoon that he passed at his aunt's, after his return home in vacation, but neither of the ladies suspected the intent eagerness with which he drank in every word, nor the bitterness with which he thought, "I have lost Janet." Lost to him—saved to herself!

Has this "Story of Janet Strong" no significance for you my countrywomen! You may tell me that she was an exceptional case in mind and heart—I think she was; and yet, in your pleasant and happy homes over all the land, wherever her story may come, dwell those who occupy *her* place in your households.

One common humanity holds you, oh mistress and maid, in its mighty grasp; the same great sorrows and joys—the same great hopes and fears prove you of one lineage and one race!

Do not forget this. Let, if possible, your domestic be to you something more than a stranger and an alien under your roof; "find out the secret place where her soul abideth;" strike with gentle touch some of those great chords, which vibrate in the hearts alike of the high and lowly of your sex. You do not know what blossoming may come of the seed you sow; you do not know what possibilities of

flower and fruit are in the soils of these ignorant, uncultivated natures, but be pitiful to their weakness and needs—be patient with their infirmities, because of your own. Do not make the gulf betwixt yourselves and them so wide that neither can cross it, and clasp hands on the common ground of your sympathies and affections, and in your own households find somewhat of that blessed Work, which alas! many Mrs. Kenneths seek only outside of them.

Unknown.

BY M. E. ROCKWELL.

When the joy of a life full of hope and love

Beams gladly out from your earnest eyes;

From your boundless stores of unshaken faith

In the good to come, I draw supplies,

And give you smiles, while you do not dream

They but mirror your own with a rainbow gleam.

When I sit alone in my darkened hours,

And grief-clouds hang heavy and black above,

And still with a pitiless, wintry storm

Heap snow o'er the blossoms and buds I love;

I give you tears—but you never know

Of the hours when those bitter fountains flow.

If care, or pain, or sorrowful thought

Cloud the beautiful skies that around you shine,

If I see a shadow from weariness caught

On your white brow rest as your look meets mine,

I give you prayers—that the dove of peace

Fold her white wings then with a sweet release.

But when your strong purpose and ready hand

Have been swift and brave for the right to strive,

Till your life, firmly battling for changeless truth,

Makes fainting faith in my soul revive—

I give you blessings—my full heart springs

To meet and worship, as serfs meet kings!

I give you love, with its smiles and tears,

Its prayers and blessings, while hour by hour

Your life rolls onward into the years,

Each of which crowns you with grace and power;

A woman's best gifts—for which heroes have died,

I fling in your pathway with silent pride.

How my soul, in a full and ceaseless flow,

Thus pours its treasures along your way,

It matters not that you do not know,

I will love you as flowers love the sun's clear ray,

Till the beauty, and freshness, and grace be mine

That must spring in the rays that around you shine.

Mine by a right that no power can stay,

These blossoms and fruits of your soul shall be,

I wearing their fragrance and sweetness and worth,

You *must* love them—though appearing in me!

I can wait—here is work for a life to do,

I shall be loved when I'm worthy of you!

Kings and Queens of England.

EDWARD VI.

The coronation of Edward was solemnized February 20, 1547, nearly a month after the death of his father. He was nine years and four months old. He was the only son of Henry the Eighth. Edward Seymour, the young king's uncle, was governor of his person, and was created Duke of Somerset, with the title of Protector. He was one of the most earnest of the reformers, with the assistance and advice of Cranmer. He had a liturgy prepared for the use of the church, and an act passed permitting priests to marry. The doctrine of the real presence was abandoned, and the people were not obliged to confess to their priests.

Henry had made few changes in religion, except such as interfered with his own power. His religion was a sanguinary intolerance, which has never been surpassed by the court of inquisition, and if the reformation had proceeded no farther, it would have been of no benefit to the nation; but now all the oppressive acts passed in the last reign were repealed, and all images removed from the churches.

Edward's attachment to the reformed church was the effect of the instructions received from Catharine Parr. He regarded her with affection and respect, and she treated him with maternal kindness. Her virtuous influence over the mind of Henry was apparent very soon after their marriage; she induced him to restore his persecuted and neglected daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, to their proper rank at court and in his family, and directed their studies with the same kindness and interest that she manifested for Edward. Their talents were brought forth and fostered by their highly gifted step-mother, whose sound principles, excellent judgment, and endearing qualities, reconciled their rival interests, and rendered her a bond of union in the royal family for which all were grateful. The Lady Jane Gray, Edward's cousin, was educated with him by Queen Catharine.

All the riches left to Henry by his father, and the immense wealth he obtained by the suppression of the religious houses, failed to make him a rich man. His finances were usually at a low ebb, and his children were destitute of suitable clothing till Catharine Parr became queen. She supplied them with all they could desire, being possessed of great wealth from her former husbands. Henry was

proud of her beauty, learning and talents; but her Catholic enemies, of whom Gardner was the head, induced him to sign a warrant for her arrest at one time; but her wisdom and prudence caused him to annul it. After Henry's death, Edward advised his step-mother to marry his uncle, Lord-Admiral Sir Thomas Seymour, which she did—when he, in the innocence of his heart, believed it was actually a match of his own making; but the truth was, she was engaged to Seymour before her marriage with the king. She died in less than two years after Henry's death, and left a daughter one week old, who was reduced to beggary before she could speak by the death of her father, who was beheaded by order of his brother Edward, the Protector, who confiscated the immense estates of her mother and his brother, her father.

Henry had negotiated a marriage between Edward and Mary, the daughter of James V., which the Scots refused to ratify. She was the unfortunate Mary who was put to death by Elizabeth. Edward was now engaged to marry Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II. of France.

His uncle, the Protector, had enemies, of whom Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was the most wicked, artful, and ambitious. He possessed power and wealth, and at last caused the Protector to be arrested for high treason, and condemned without a public trial. The young king was now completely in the power of Dudley, and was obliged to sign the death-warrant of his second uncle, which he did with tears in his eyes.

Edward's health soon began to fail; many suspected Dudley was giving him a slow poison. Dudley persuaded him to name his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, as his successor, and then married her to his son, Guilford Dudley.

He then sent for the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, to comfort him in his sickness. It was the intention of Dudley to get them into his hands, to prevent them from opposing the accession of his daughter-in-law; but they turned back on meeting a mysterious messenger, who informed them that the king was dead, and that they would go to the Tower.

Edward had a beautiful countenance, with sparkling eyes, and was very sweet and mild in his disposition, and he was considered a prodigy in learning. He died July 6, 1553, in the sixteenth year of his age, and the seventh of his reign.

LADY JANE GREY.

Jane was the grand-daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, a sister of Henry VIII., and was in his will appointed the next in succession after Mary and Elizabeth. It was intended by Lord Thomas Seymour and Queen Catharine Parr that Edward VI. should marry Lady Jane; but she was obliged to marry Guilford Dudley. She was proclaimed Queen July 10, 1553, much against her own wishes. She declared the crown belonged to Mary, and shed many tears on the occasion. She resigned the crown in ten days, and was imprisoned in the Tower by Mary, till February 12, 1554, when she was beheaded, at the age of sixteen. She was very amiable and accomplished, with excellent learning. She is not commonly reckoned among the Queens of England.

DELAFIELD, Wis.

The Life Immortal.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

Oh! life eternal, ne'er to droop and die;
Thy pulsing throbs I feel from day to day,
With golden threads link'd to the life on high,
All tremulous with immortality.

How could I walk these paths of toil and care,
Earth's discipline so rugged seems to be,
And in my hands these heavy burdens bear
Without the light of thy blest destiny?

Oh! glorious privilege of the human heart,
To hold communion with its Maker, God;
Though earthly friends may know it but in part,
To feel that He aright hath understood.

Oh! life of trust in Him whose sacred feet
Pav'd sorrowing paths with flowers of hope and love,
And in each foot-print left them blooming sweet,
For weary travellers to the rest above.

Oft when around me clouds and blight appear,
And in the soul faith groweth faint and weak,
Comes then a promise full of tender cheer,
With angel-kiss upon the tearful cheek.

And quite oblivious of the ills and strife,
The spirit from the windows of its clay
Looks upward to the fields of endless life,
All radiant with ever-cloudless day.

Oh, land of beauty! Softly sweet, and low,
Thy calling bells fall on the listening ear,
And from our side the pure and lovely go,
To join the throng of ransom'd harpers there.

And by the bonds of fellowship below,
The sadly parting anguish—ay, and more—
By these prophetic thrills of joy we know
They wait our coming on the shining shore.

Out in the World.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Lawrences had neither seen Mr. Jansen nor heard of him for weeks. After the cold, damp, November weather set in, his calls at the store of Mr. Lawrence ceased. It was understood between the two men, that if Madeline were discovered, Mr. Jansen was to be at once informed of the fact.

The first day of the new year had arrived. It was nearly a week since Madeline had found peace and safety with her old friend,—since the weary and fainting wanderer amid barren wastes, had rested on soft green banks by cooling waters. But, she had not rallied, physically, although but few symptoms of the serious attack of illness from which she was suffering when Doctor Wheatland found her, remained. The weak body had, for a long period, been sustained by the mind. The very necessity for effort, had kept her from fainting and falling by the way. Now that struggle had ceased, there was no return of vital power to the body's over-taxed forces. She lay very quiet, sometimes almost lethargic. She talked but little. Her mind, apparently not very active, seemed dwelling, half dreamily, half consciously, amid memories or hopes that were too dimly revealed to awaken in her heart a quicker pulsation.

Mrs. Lawrence did not seek to disturb this condition of mind; but ministered to her state with a care and tenderness born of purest affection. Doctor Wheatland saw her every day, lingering in her room, and watching over her with a far more than professional concern. After years of wandering amid desert vales and barren mountains, the days of suffering and loneliness were over. No more bruised and bleeding feet—torn flesh—terror of wild beasts—shiverings in the storm. Peace, safety, love!—these instead. Whether sleeping or waking—in the body, or out of the body, Madeline scarcely knew. Oh, the sweetness, the calmness, the serenity of that rest, after years of lonely struggle and pain, whose climax of despair had been almost reached!

"I will call at Mr. Jansen's." It was New Year's day. Mr. Lawrence looked in at the room where his wife was sitting.

"You'll see Mr. Jansen?"

"Oh, yes. I am going for that purpose alone, not to call on the ladies." And he went out.

At Mr. Jansen's he found the New Year's table spread with cold turkey, oysters, tongue, biscuit, brandy, wine, cake, fruit, etc., in liberal abundance, and Mrs. Jansen and her two oldest daughters, pranked out in jewels and finery to receive company. He thought it best to assume the attitude of a New Year's day caller, and so made his compliments to the ladies, sipped from a glass of wine, and took a mouthful or two of cake. Then he asked about the health of Mr. Jansen.

"He's miserable," was answered, with assumed concern. Mr. Lawrence saw that it was assumed.

"Does he ride out this weather?" he inquired.

"Oh, no indeed," replied the wife. "He hasn't been down stairs for a week."

The bell rung. Fresh callers were at the door. It was Mr. Lawrence's opportunity.

"Can I see him?" he said.

The countenance of Mrs. Jansen changed. She had not expected this. What did he want with her husband? She had an instinct of danger; or, not to use so strong a sentence, a suspicion that something was to be communicated not intended for her ears. She thought to a conclusion rapidly, and answered, with a bland smile—

"Oh yes, certainly," and she spoke to a servant who was in the room, who went up stairs, and immediately returned with word from Mr. Jansen, that Mr. Lawrence should come to his room. In the meantime, fresh callers had arrived, to the number of four or five, and they happened to be personages from whom Mrs. Jansen could not possibly excuse herself, and leave them to be entertained by her daughters. In the flutter of their reception, Mr. Lawrence, signed to by the servant, left the parlors and went to the room of Mr. Jansen.

It was a comfortless, neglected room, yet with every means of comfort in profusion. The hand of a loving, thoughtful wife, was nowhere visible. It was eleven o'clock, and yet the chamber had not been set in order. Mr. Jansen was sitting in a large easy chair, near a table on which books and papers were lying about in disorder. Ashes and cinders covered the grate hearth; the window curtains were drawn awry; dust bedimmed everything; the floor was littered in many places; the air was close and impure for lack of ventilation.

Mr. Jansen had changed considerably. His face was whiter, his eyes sunk farther back in their orbits. It was plain that he had been

wasting rapidly. A light broke over his face as Mr. Lawrence came in.

"Have you heard of her?" It was his first question, asked eagerly, as he took his visitor's hand.

"Yes."

A tremor thrilled the hand that still clasped that of Mr. Lawrence.

"What of her?" There was a look of painful suspense in the countenance of Mr. Jansen.

"She is at my house."

"Oh! Thank God!" He had been leaning eagerly forward; now he sunk back in his chair, shutting his eyes. The whole expression of his face had changed. Pain was gone, and in its stead relief blended with satisfaction.

"At your house?" He opened his eyes, and looked gratefully at Mr. Lawrence.

"Yes, where she will remain."

"How is she?"

"She was sick when we found her; but is recovering."

"Where did you find her?"

"She was taken suddenly ill; and the people with whom she lodged called in a physician, who happened to be Doctor Wheatland, by whom she was recognized. He told Mrs. Lawrence, who had her removed at once to our house."

"God's good providence," said Mr. Jansen.

"Oh, how thankful I am! And now, what of her? How does she come up out of her fiery trial?"

"Pure."

Jansen shut his eyes very tightly. The lashes quivered on his pale cheeks. When he opened them, the lashes were wet, but the eyes had a new light in them.

"Pure." He echoed the word, with a deep satisfaction in his voice.

"Meet for heaven; so my wife says, and she has looked down into her heart."

"Pure and meet for heaven." Jansen spoke to himself in an undertone, feebly, again shutting his eyes; but started in a moment afterwards, with shadows of disappointment on his brow, as the door swung open, and his wife, radiant in satin, gold and diamonds, burst in upon them as if they were conspirators. Suspicion was plainly marked on her face. She eyed the two men sharply, but discovered nothing. A new feeling quickly dominated. Mortification at the shameful condition of her husband's room, into which she had not before entered on this particular morning. That it would be described to Mrs. Lawrence, she did not doubt. The best she could do,

was to break out in a coarse tirade against the neglectful servant, and to lay blame upon the head of her husband for permitting things to remain in that state.

Mr. Jansen made no reply; but his visitor saw disgust and repulsion on his face. It was plain to Mr. Lawrence, that Mrs. Jansen would not leave them alone, and so rising, he said—

"I hope to see you better when I call again," and bowing to both Mr. and Mrs. Jansen, withdrew. There passed between the two men a look of intelligence which the hawk-eyes of Mrs. Jansen did not fail to detect.

CHAPTER XXXII.

For a week or two Madeline continued in this half slumberous condition, tranquil and peaceful, as one who lingers in the morning hours between sleeping and waking. It was a question in the minds of her friends whether life would calmly recede, or the vital forces take up again their partly abandoned work.

Very slowly life appeared to gain on death. Thought was unveiled—her mental vision grew clearer. She looked into the face of her new condition, understood it, and became troubled. To this state of mind, which Mrs. Lawrence had seen must come in the natural evolution of things, it was a delicate and doubtful task to minister.

One day, after Madeline had so far regained strength as to be able to sit up, Mrs. Lawrence found her in tears. She had noted, for some time, the gradual stealing of a shadow over her face.

"I can't have this!" she said, cheerily, bending over Madeline and kissing her.

But, Madeline's tears only gushed afresh. Mrs. Lawrence sat down, and drawing her head against her bosom, held it there until a calmer state of mind was gained.

"What troubles you, dear?" she then asked.

Madeline sighed heavily, but remained silent.

"Let me give you a lesson"—Mrs. Lawrence looked tenderly at her friend. "It is two thousand years old, but as clearly applicable to your case, as if just spoken. 'Take no thought for the morrow. Let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' You were thinking of to-morrow."

"And why not?"

"To-day only is yours. Take the good of to-day; and do not spoil its sweetness with the imagined evils of to-morrow. Is not all right with you to-day? Is there any good thing wanting that I can supply?"

"Oh, my friend! You burden me with good things. You fill my cup until it runs over. You have already made me a debtor even to bankruptcy."

"Love keeps no account books. She stands creditor to none. I have already received more than I have given. My heart has been full to overflowing with delight ever since you have been here. Do not mar this pleasure—do not hinder the work of love."

"But your husband, Jessie?"

"It is of his good pleasure that you are here. For a long time we have sought for you—my husband and I. He has taken great pains to find you."

Madeline raised herself up, and turned to Mrs. Lawrence with a look of puzzled inquiry on her face.

"I do not just understand this," she said.

"Why should Mr. Lawrence take an interest in me? It was not so in the years gone by."

"Time works changes in us all," Mrs. Lawrence answered, with slight evasion, "and my husband has changed."

Madeline showed, by the way in which she looked at Mrs. Lawrence, that she was far from being satisfied. Not seeing the way clear for pursuing this subject, Mrs. Lawrence changed it by saying—

"Another time, when you are strong enough to help yourself, and go out, we will talk of this again. It would be fruitless now." Then, after a little pause, "I've wanted to know how it has been with you in the long years that have passed since you went out from your home and friends, with such a daring and desperate spirit, to walk through the world alone."

Madeline did not answer.

"If it would be very painful to uncover this past," added Mrs. Lawrence, "do not lift the veil. If the book is shut, do not open it again."

"I have shut the book, and would not open it again; for, to open it, would be to live over what I have not strength to bear," replied Madeline. "No doubt the discipline was needed. It was hard—very hard—this lonely, friendless life, out in the wilderness, with beasts of prey all around me, thirsting for innocent blood. But, out of it, in God's providence, I have come, a purer and better woman, I think, and

fitter for heaven. It may be, that the end would not have been as well for me, if I had walked with beauty and brightness—cared for and housed amid luxuries. There may have been that in me which needed, for correction, all I have suffered. I know not. But this I know, that God has not permitted my wilfulness to work out destruction. In my distresses, I turned to Him, and he often gave light and even comfort. He was my defence on the right hand and on the left. In sorest trials and temptations, He did not suffer my feet to be moved.

"What has troubled me deepest at times," she continued, "is the evil consequences to another that have followed my ill-considered act."

Her voice trembled; she shut her eyes, and kept silence for a few moments. Then resumed with a singular calmness, considering the subject and her weakness—

"And yet, to both, it may be, that the painful discipline was needed. Life, in this world, is as nothing to the duration of life in the next; and all pain and suffering here, if they help us to put aside the things that would stand in the way of our happiness through eternity, are to be considered blessings in disguise. To this view, my mind has been, for some time, gradually rising. We cannot stand alone in this world; we cannot act for ourselves alone. No deed is fruitless of consequences; and the consequences rarely, if ever, limit themselves to the individual actor. So, in our passion and our pride, as well as in our love and humility, God makes of us instruments for good; and where our work is evil in the present, he controls the results and turns them into benefits. So, even in self-condemnation, I find a degree of comfort."

The pale cheeks of Madeline were beginning to flush, and her eyes to grow unnaturally bright. Mrs. Lawrence took her hand and found that it was trembling.

"Your thought is too strong for your body," she said; "and you must let it rest. I understand you clearly; and believe that you have solved the question aright. What we do, may seem to hurt another—nay, may hurt him in some degree of his life; but God's wise and unerring providence will cause the hurt of a lower degree, to become the minister of good to some higher degree of the mind. And so, where blindly, or of set purpose, we have wrought a present evil, He will work out a future good."

"It must be so," returned Madeline. "If

God is infinitely good and wise, and His providence over all, even to the minutest things of life—the very hairs of your head are numbered—will he not so control the results of our blindness and ignorance; of our self-will and passion; nay, even of our evil purpose, so that real harm shall not be done. There may be external, and apparent harm; harm such as the surgeon effects in order that a higher and nobler benefit may be secured; but it will be as nothing to the good results. 'For,' in the words of Paul, 'our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.' It is only through tribulation, that some of us can be purified; and they through whose agency we suffer tribulation, become really the ministers of blessing."

"I can give you no lessons, my dear friend, in this school," said Mrs. Lawrence. "There was a time, when I might have been your teacher; but you have learned from a better Instructor. Keep near to His side. Trust in Him, and recognize His providence in your presence here, as much as in any other event of your life. While we live, our lives effect other lives. You have not ceased to act upon others. Your work is not yet done. Not by any purpose of yours are you here to-day. The hand of Providence, that led you, is not disguised. Be passive, then, and wait."

"You are my teacher," replied Madeline, with moistening eyes. "Wise, true friend, I will be passive; I will wait."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

After a certain degree of convalescence, there came a pause in Madeline's condition. She was able to sit up for a portion of each day, and even to walk about her room; but, there improvement stopped.

"I am so weak, Doctor," she said one day, early in the spring, to her physician, who found her in bed instead of sitting up. She spoke in a tone of discouragement.

"The warm season will soon be here," he replied. "Fresh air, and change, and exercise, will benefit wonderfully. At the first mild change in the weather, you must ride out."

A shadow came over her face. She sighed, and partly turned away.

"Are you so anxious to get well?" said the Doctor.

"I shall never be well again," replied Madeline.

"Don't say that. You will find new life and

health in the warm summer breezes. As soon as the spring is well advanced, and you can ride out every day, your strength will come rapidly. I shall order you sent into the country as early as the middle of June."

"Doctor Wheatland," said Madeline, turning towards the physician, and taking his hand. She looked at him with a sober expression of countenance—"You talk to me as if I had a right to be here—as if I were mistress of the house, and not a helpless, penniless stranger, living day by day on charity. I have no carriage or servants."

"Not a penniless stranger!—not living on charity!" replied the Doctor, with a warmth of manner that caused a gleam of surprise to pass over Madeline's face.

"You speak in an unknown language, Doctor Wheatland," she said.

"You understand my words?"

"I understand what your words mean, but not as applied to myself. As you utter them, they have no significance."

"On the contrary," replied the Doctor, "they have the fullest significance. You are not a penniless stranger in this house, nor living day by day on charity. Lay that up in your heart, and so far as the question of independence is concerned, be at peace."

"I cannot understand you, Doctor." The pale face of Madeline was beginning to grow warm from rising excitement. There was a look of startled inquiry in her eyes, and a shade of alarm as at the approach of something that would give pain.

"My dear madam," said the Doctor, with impressive earnestness of manner, "put faith in what I say, and, for the present, while you are weak and helpless, give yourself no fruitless trouble. All is right. You owe nothing to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, but love and gratitude."

"Still the unknown tongue," she answered. "Will you not speak in a language that my thought can reach?"

Doctor Wheatland found himself in a delicate position. In the effort to give repose to the mind of his patient, he had only disturbed her deeply. She was not to be satisfied with these general assurances.

"You are neither poor nor friendless," he said, slowly and calmly. "There has been a long search for you, in order that you might be placed in possession of property justly your own. It is in the hands of Mr. Lawrence, in trust, and subject to your disposal. I can only say this to you now. Let your

mind be at rest, then. Put aside the thought of dependence. When you are better and stronger, you can ask more questions. As your physician, I must assert my authority here."

The flush went out of Madeline's face, and with it the ardor of inquiry. Her thought looked inward. A new fact, which was to effect all her future life, had been communicated. What was the broad significance of that fact? Property in her own right! A long search! Mr. Lawrence the trustee! Under the pressure of so strange a communication, there fell upon her spirit a deep calm. Not a pause in thought, but a cessation of all excitement. As if she had said to herself—"I must be still—I must look at this communication on all sides, and see what it means."

What it really did mean, her quick instincts had already suggested. Was she pained, or pleased?—indignant or gratified? Doctor Wheatland endeavored to look down into her state of mind, but was not able.

"I am scarcely strong enough for this," she murmured.

"You are not strong enough," replied the Doctor; "and so, I must insist upon it, that you ask no more questions. This is, for the present, your home—in right as well as in love. Mr. Lawrence is both friend and guardian. When health returns, it will be time enough for you to question farther, and act as your judgment and sense of right may determine."

What passed in Madeline's thoughts was not communicated. The Doctor saw that her mind was absorbed.

"I will see you again to-morrow," he said, rising to go.

"One thing, Doctor."

"What is it?"

"Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lawrence has given me the slightest intimation of this."

"I am aware of it," replied the Doctor.

"I would rather not have them know that I have been informed."

"It shall be as you desire."

"Thank you."

The Doctor lingered, but Madeline said nothing more.

After this it was noticed by Mrs. Lawrence that Madeline had passed into a new state of mind. She was more tranquil and indrawn; and less inclined to conversation. Before, there had been a looking forward to the warm summer days, and to periods in the future,

accompanied by a certain uneasiness born of uncertainty. All this vague unrest was gone now. Peace seemed to have folded her pinions.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Lawrence, on meeting Doctor Wheatland, a few days afterwards, "that Madeline is losing instead of gaining. I'm sure she is weaker to day than she was a fortnight ago."

Doctor Wheatland looked serious, but did not respond.

"Don't you see a change?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"In what respect?"

"Don't you see that she is failing?"

"I can hardly say that she is gaining," replied the Doctor.

"She seems all at once, to have lost her interest in life," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Last week, she was troubling herself about the future, and showing a restless sense of obligation. But, this state has passed from her as completely as if her life were a dream."

The Doctor stood silent.

"I don't like her present state."

"Why not, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"Evidently, life is receding."

"You think so?"

"Am I not right in my apprehension?"

Mrs. Lawrence sought to read the Doctor's face.

"There has come, seemingly, a pause in the tide of life," answered the physician. "It may flow on again; or it may recede. Better, perhaps, that it should recede."

"Doctor Wheatland!"

"Better, assuredly, if it be God's will. All the issues of life are in his hands."

"I cannot think of this, Doctor. After the long night through which she has passed, does it not seem hard that she should die at day-break?"

"And rise into the beauty, and brightness, and joy of an eternal morning," said the Doctor.

"Then you think her case hopeless!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence.

"I cannot tell what my be the healing influences of nature, when the air is filled with summer sweetness; but, in medicine, I find little to give encouragement. There is scarcely any response to the remedies I administer."

When the doctor went away, the heart of Mrs. Lawrence was heavier than when he came. She had looked to him to strengthen her failing hopes, and he had only removed another stay, and left them weaker.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Spring was advancing towards summer. It was early in June. There had been a few warm days in May, and under the Doctor's advice, Madeline had taken advantage of them to ride out. But, the effort and excitement drew too heavily on her strength. She came back exhausted, and did not react from the fatigue, as well as the Doctor had hoped.

"The promise of spring has failed," she said, smiling feebly. Mrs. Lawrence was sitting by her, as she lay on a sofa in the parlor, after one of these drives. She had not sufficient strength to walk up stairs, after coming in from the carriage, and rested in the parlor until she could gain a little for the effort.

"Oh, no," quickly answered her friend.

"The soft, warm air comes gratefully to my cheeks. I look upon the greenness and beauty of nature, and it refreshes my soul. But, new life does not flush my veins. The pulses are quickened; but only from fever."

Tears filled the eyes of Mrs. Lawrence. Her heart was so burdened that she could not reply. Madeline continued—

"I shall go from you in a little while, dear friend! The struggle is over. After years of pain, I have ease—after wearying toil, I am at rest—after the bitterness of a long strife, there is peace. I lie awake, sometimes, for hours, in the night, thinking over the past, and looking at the present. The road along which I journeyed led me down into gloomy vales; through wildernesses, where dwelt all manner of evil beasts; over rocky and barren places. I have had sorrow, and repentance, and pain that seemed more than human strength could bear. But, God has brought my feet at last into a plain way. The ground is soft beneath them. The air is filled with light and fragrance. The journey is over, and, looking down into my heart, I can say in truth, that it has been better for me that I have suffered. For the rest, God's love and wisdom are infinite. I shall no longer afflict my soul with the question—'What might have been?' Out of what is, I will seek to draw the highest comfort."

From that time, a loss of strength was perceived, daily. Madeline never rode out again.

About the middle of June, Mr. Lawrence received a note from Mr. Jansen, asking him to call, and mentioning a certain hour when he would be alone. Mr. Lawrence could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise when he entered the invalid's presence. Elsewhere, he would scarcely have recognized the

wan and wasted face, that met him. The hand he took gave back only a feeble pressure.

"You see," he said, "that I am going rapidly,"

While Mr. Lawrence was hesitating on the words of his answer, Mr. Jansen asked, with an interest not to repressed—

"How is Madeline?"

"Failing," was answered.

"Does she go out?"

"No. She is too weak for that."

"Does she sit up?"

"Yes; for two or three hours at a time."

"You think her failing?"

"Yes. The Doctor has no hope of her recovery. She may linger for a while—how long, is uncertain."

"What is her state of mind?"

"She is very peaceful—waiting for the end."

Mr. Jansen clasped his hands together, and shut his eyes. There was a glow of thankfulness in his countenance.

"The long night of suffering is over. The pain all gone!" he murmured, with satisfaction.

"Yes, all gone," said Mr. Lawrence.

"I have sent for you to ask a favor—a great favor." The face of Mr. Jansen grew earnest. "You will not deny me?"

"Say on." Mr. Jansen had paused.

"I want to see Madeline. Now don't say no! I must see her before I die. Oh, Mr. Lawrence!"—and the sick man trembled with excitement—"you cannot know how I am pining just to look once again into her face. Maybe it is wrong; but, I am too weak to discuss that question. I dream of her every night; I think of her all day—all night and all day in my loneliness! I say *loneliness*, Mr. Lawrence. Perhaps you understand me."

Mr. Lawrence dropped his eyes to the floor. Mr. Jansen, who was reading his face eagerly, saw disapproval there. The sick man leaned towards him—

"Just once! Only once!" The pleading of his tone was touching in its eloquence.

"It might not be right," answered Mr. Lawrence. "It would not be right!" he added more firmly. "The peace of Madeline must not be so disturbed. It would be a violence to her state—a great wrong. She is in rest and tranquillity, waiting for the end. Oh, no, no, Mr. Jansen! It cannot be!"

"You are right as to Madeline. I do not ask an interview; I do not desire it. Even if

both of us had strength to bear it, the act would be wrong. I recognize this."

"What then," said Mr. Lawrence.

"It might be arranged so that I could see her."

"How?"

"She is able to sit up?"

"Yes, for short periods at a time."

"She would not know me, I am so changed. I could ride past, and look upon her if she were at the window. This is all I meant."

After a little reflection, Mr. Lawrence said—

"Are you strong enough?"

"Oh, I'll risk all that!" answered the sick man.

"Do you ride out?"

"I haven't been out for two or three weeks. But, you know the weather has not been favorable."

"I will think it over," said Mr. Lawrence.

Mr. Jansen laid his white, almost transparent hand, on the arm of Mr. Lawrence, and spoke with considerable eagerness—

"My dear sir, the sword is cutting into the scabbard! For a long time, I have resisted this desire to see Madeline; but, I have not the strength of will to put it from me any longer. It is so strong that it is exhausting me. Our days are numbered—hers and mine. She is declining peacefully—thank God, that I have been instrumental in affording that peace!—while my day is going out, dark and dreary. To look into her face, will be just so much of sunlight. You can bring it to pass if you will."

"I will put no hindrances in your way," answered Mr. Lawrence, who was considerably moved.

"If to-morrow is a fair day, I will ride out," said Mr. Jansen.

"But are you strong enough? Can you bear the fatigue?"

"I shall be strong enough—no fear of that!" he answered, quickly. "All I ask is, that you have Madeline so placed at the window that I can look into her face as I ride slowly by. She will not know me; and therefore, no harm will be done. Her soul will remain peaceful; and mine will be satisfied. The thirsty lips of my spirit will bend to a spring of water."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The day following was bright and balmy; the air soft and warm. Madeline felt its influence, and as the morning advanced to—

wards noon, had her chair drawn to the open window, the sash of which came down to the floor.

At one o'clock, Mr. Jansen was to go by in an open carriage. Mr. Lawrence was to call for him; and it was arranged that he (Mr. Lawrence) should leave the carriage at the entrance of the block, and join it again as soon as it turned the corner of the next cross street.

On calling for Mr. Jansen at the time agreed upon, Mr. Lawrence found him alone, his wife having gone out on her daily round of visits. He did not look so pale as on the day before. Ardor of feeling gave quicker and stronger pulsations to his heart, and actually touched his cheeks with color.

"Do you feel strong enough?" asked Mr. Lawrence, as he took the hand of Mr. Jansen, and felt it thrill within his own.

"Oh, yes," he replied, quickly. "I have not felt so toned up for weeks. Is all arranged? Will she be at the window?"

"Yes."

He was very eager, and as they went down stairs, Mr. Lawrence had to bear him back gently and retard his hasty steps. On reaching the pavement, his strength was nearly gone, and it was with difficulty that he could support his own weight to the carriage. It was an open barouche, with extra cushions, among which he sunk back, on entering, while a sudden paleness overspread his face.

"I'm afraid this is too much for you," said Mr. Lawrence, half repenting his acquiescence in Mr. Jansen's wishes.

"Oh, no! no! It will pass over in an instant," was replied.

Mr. Lawrence got into the carriage, and the vehicle moved slowly away. No farther word passed between them. At the entrance of the block in which he lived, Mr. Lawrence left the barouche.

"You know the house," he said.

"Yes."

"I will join you in the next street."

There was, now, no signs of agitation about Mr. Jansen. He was calm and indrawn, with a certain brightness of countenance which Mr. Lawrence had never before seen. He lay back among the cushions, with his face a little elevated.

In less than five minutes, Mr. Lawrence was again by his side.

"Did you see her?"

He had taken the sick man's hand on entering the carriage.

"Yes." There was a quick, strong pressure on the hand of Mr. Lawrence.

Mr. Jansen said no more, and Mr. Lawrence would not disturb him with questions. When they reached home, Mr. Jansen's strength was all gone. On getting down from the barouche, his limbs sunk under him, and he had to be carried to his room. A little wine revived him.

"This has been all wrong, I fear," said Mr. Lawrence. The only reply was a smile of satisfaction.

"I think," said Mr. Lawrence, to one of the servants, as he was about leaving the house, "that you had better send for the Doctor. This ride has exhausted him considerably."

The servant promised to do so, and Mr. Lawrence went away. He was not at ease in his mind. In yielding to Mr. Jansen's wishes, he had felt that the ground they were about to tread was hardly safe; and so doubts had continually intruded themselves. From Mr. Jansen, his thought now turned to Madeline. Had the recognition been mutual? And if so, what had been the effect? With such thoughts and questionings in his mind, Mr. Lawrence walked homeward. His wife met him with a serious face.

"What of Madeline?" he asked.

"I can hardly answer the question," was replied.

"Did she recognize Mr. Jansen?"

"I think so."

"What was the effect? Tell me all about it."

They sat down, and Mrs. Lawrence said—

"As the time approached when Mr. Jansen was to go by, I began to feel very nervous. Madeline had been sitting up for a long time, and I was fearful that her strength would give way. But, she was unusually bright, and enjoyed the air and sunshine. It may be, that my state of mind affected hers, for as one o'clock drew near, she became quiet and thoughtful. She had been musing for some minutes, when she looked up at me, and remarked, in a grave, half wondering way, 'I have a singular kind of an impression, Jessie; as if I were going to see a stranger, and yet not a stranger.' We heard the bell ring at the moment. 'There,' she said, and leaned, listening, as Ellen went to the door. She almost held her breath. 'Who is it?' I asked of Ellen, who came up with a card in her hand. 'Mrs. Jordan.' I answered my own question, as I took the card. 'Say to her that I am particularly engaged this morning, and must ask to be excused.' As Ellen turned to leave

the room, I looked at Madeline. The light had gone out of her face.

"'Why, Madeline!' I exclaimed, 'did you really put such a strong faith in this impression?'"

"She smiled, and tried to rally herself.

"'The impression is here, and I cannot remove it,' she answered.

"In a little while she grew very calm and sweet. There was a spiritual elevation in her eyes, and a tenderness about her mouth, that was inexpressible. I said to myself—'Angels are with her.' She looked up at the sky, which was of the softest blue, and singularly translucent, then back into my face, saying—'Heaven is not very far off. We just go to sleep, like tired children, and waken on the other side.'

"Tears came into my eyes. I could not keep them back. It was now only a few minutes to one o'clock. With difficulty I repressed the agitation that was steadily increasing. I had moved her chair so that she could look in the direction from which Mr. Jansen was to come. Presently I heard the sound of wheels approaching slowly. My heart seemed to stand still. We had ceased talking. Madeline was looking out of the window—I put my hands upon her chair, and pushed her closer to the open casement. At that instant Mr. Jansen came in sight. He reclined a little back, with his head against a cushion which had been elevated in the carriage, and his eyes fixed on Madeline. I noticed a slight movement on her part, as if she had repressed a sudden emotion. I could not see her countenance. No sign of recognition was made by Mr. Jansen. His face was white and still, and his eyes resting steadily on Madeline. He turned his head just a little, as the carriage moved by, as if to prolong the vision that was before him.

"The moment he was past, I saw Madeline shrink in her chair, as though overstrained nerves had given way. I spoke to her, but she did not reply. I drew her back from the window, and saw that her long lashes had fallen upon her cheeks. There lingered on her countenance a look of half painful surprise, though the sweetness had not departed from her lips. 'You have been sitting up too long,' I said, and wheeled her chair hastily across the room. She made no resistance, as I drew off the wrapper in which she had been dressed, and got her into bed. Not a word escaped from her lips. Her lashes lay trembling on her cheeks, and as her head touched the pillow,

she shut her eyes closely and turned her face away. Since then, she has neither moved nor spoken."

"She recognized him," said Mr. Lawrence.

"Yes; I am sure of it."

"And, as I feared, the shock has been too much for her. I was wrong to have permitted this. I felt that it would be wrong from the beginning."

"You had no selfish end to gain," replied Mrs. Lawrence. "You tried to serve another. What may seem an evil result to our limited vision, may be only the completion of some higher good. They are both in God's hands."

And they passed to God. That bright June day, on which they had looked once more into each other's faces, went down serene and cloudless; but their eyes did not see its evening beauty.

When day broke again, two white faces, and two shrouded forms, lay in separate dwellings, far apart, and there was no external bond between them. But, in the new morning that broke for their chastened souls, who will say that they stood not close together?

THE END.

Watching and Waiting.

LETTER IV.

Ashley, November 30, 18—

Mother! mother! do you know how many times and in what stormy anguish I have called upon your name since last I wrote you? Mother! mother! and you did not answer! Did no cry of my grieved spirit reach you? Oh, mother, the angels have taken my baby—my May! Pity me—pity me!—say all loving and comforting things, I pray. Do not tell me in stereotyped phrase—"she is better off." I know that—oh, I know that, but my heart is empty and aching all the same. I want my darling back. I cannot give her up; I feel like wrestling with death and the grave to regain my treasure.

It seems so cruel, when night is shutting down on the earth, to sit here in the warmth and light of my nursery fire, with empty arms, and bosom aching for the tender pressure of a golden head, to think of my little nestling lying coldly, stilly under the rough, frozen sods, and to watch through the gathering darkness the straying flakes of snow whirling into glistening heaps about her narrow bed, and to know there is no help—no help—that I can never hold my darling to my heart again.

Oh, mother! sometimes I start up with the frenzied purpose of bringing in out of the wintry cold my poor pet lamb, but quick thought tells me no earthly storm can chill her, and she no longer needs my loving care and watchfulness. God has removed her from my guardianship—*she is no longer mine.*

I will not be comforted. There is a shadow between me and my God. I know what it is. I am in open, stormy rebellion against His will. I cannot be resigned. His hand is heavy—heavy, and I cannot be reconciled. A thousand times in a day reason and faith say to me—"It is well—it is well," and a thousand times in a day my sick, yearning, unsatisfied heart replies—"I know, I know; but I want my baby back—oh, I want her back!"

Talk to me of Jesus—tell me of his tender, pitying love for the sorrowing and bereaved. Show me my babe at rest upon His bosom, from the vexing cares of life, forever free. Waft to my dull ear His blessed voice, saying—"Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto Me." Tell me the comforting words He spoke to Mary and Martha when Lazarus was dead. Repeat to me the sorrowful prayer He prayed in the dim shadows of Gethsemane. Go over the story of His betrayal—of His deliverance to enemies—of the heavy cross under which He fainted—of His cruel crucifixion—of His despairing cry at the ninth hour—of the new life that was born unto men in the hour of His anguish—of His last message upon earth ere He ascended—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Show me that out of seeming evil eternal good is wrought.

Oh, Christ, what are my insect woes, that they should stand an ever-darkening cloud between Thee and me, veiling from my eyes Thy perfect sacrifice, Thy long-suffering and forbearance? Pity me, Lord! I am but human, and my heart of flesh is set on earthly treasure. Pity and help me, Lord. I have not strength to say "Thy will," nor grace to bow my head unto thy chastenings.

I too have been very near the brink of death. At the date of my last writing a fearful malady was raging in our midst, from which all stood aloof, and many fled in fear, and for humanity's sake I felt compelled to hazard the danger, and do what I could for the relief and comfort of the sufferers. But I was already worn and exhausted in strength by the constant action to which I had forced myself as an escape from despondency and lowness of spirits, and thus I fell a speedy victim to disease, and my

mission of usefulness was at an end—at least for a season. I stood at my post as long as possible; but I had to yield at last. In the midst of my ministrings, the deathly sickness fell upon me—the solid foundations slipped from under my feet, the world wheeled into sudden darkness, strange sounds were in my ears, visions of horror swam before my eyes. For many days—I thought it an eternity—I fought against nameless terrors, seeking, yet failing to overcome. As I came slowly up out of this Valley of the Shadow of Death into the light of consciousness and reality, I became sensible, weak and helpless as I was, of a tender care and vigilance which seemed to anticipate every want—of a ready hand ever busy in ministering to my needs, and providing for my comfort. As reason grew stronger, and thought leaping backwards and forwards over the waste of delirium knit together once more the realities of my life, I came to recognize in my faithful nurse one for whom I had never ceased to pray, and in whose purity of heart I always had faith—my poor child, Maggie. Quick joy thrilled my heart at the discovery—tears of gratitude welled to my eyes.

"Dear Maggie," I said, with childish weakness, "have you come back?"

She laid her finger lightly on my lips.

"I have come back," she answered, softly.

Still I was not satisfied. "Maggie," I began, but she checked me again, answering the question which she read in my eyes—

"I have come back to stay, madam, if you will let me."

Thank God! What my persuasions and entreaties had failed to do, my suffering and helplessness had accomplished. I learned afterwards, that while my summer-day friends, shrinking from my pestilential air, sent in their kind inquiries, their pitying condolences, and their sincere wishes for my recovery, this poor, despised outcast, ignoring fear and defying danger, threw herself in between death and me, and with brave hands fought off the destroyer. For, under God, I fully believe I owe my life to her.

About this time it was that May fell sick with my malady. Maggie tended her with the same faithful care which she had bestowed upon me; but oh, your own heart will tell you how intensely I longed to rise and minister to her relief. Those were dreadful days my mother, when my darling's low wail of distress crept up to my room, stabbing my bosom through and through like a sword, and I, too weak to

lift my head from my pillow, could only weep and pray.

But by and by she grew quiet, and only the memory of those smiting cries rang in my ears. Disease had done its worst, and softly, slowly, under the convoy of a tender sleep, her little life was drifting away to eternal seas. At my request, they brought and laid her by my side, where my feeble hand might stray in caressing touch over the fair, shining hair, and my eyes could feast upon the frail, sweet beauty, so soon to be hidden in the darkness and silence of the grave.

Oh, of all sad hours in life, are any so full of anguish as those in which we watch the passing away of one whose very existence is intertwined with ours? But all sad days must break at last upon the shore of night, and this one, gathering redly in the west, came in and left its parting kiss upon the white face of my bosom pet, lying so still upon my pillow, that, hushing the beating of my heart, I could scarcely tell if she breathed. Suddenly, up sprang the golden-fringed lids, the pure eyes, flaming with unearthly light, looked wonderingly for an instant into mine—the sweet lips, softly murmuring my name, closed in a rigid line—a cold, gray shadow, crept quickly over the beautiful face, a convulsive shudder shook the tender form, and all was over—*little May was not!*

When I looked on her again, they had clothed her in white, fleecy robes, and laid her in coffin gloom. It was the last, last look, this side Heaven's gate. Never in life and health had she worn such angelic loveliness. I dared not touch her—my little babe—so holy and stainless she looked in her dreamless sleep. I dared not lay my sullied lips to her pure forehead, or sever even a ring of the pale, golden hair. Passionate tears rained from Maggie's eyes, as she too looked her last upon the beautiful clay. "Oh," she murmured, brokenly—"if God had but called me thus early, e'er evil temptations had wrought my fall, or sin had set its mark upon my soul! But I have lived to cry 'Unclean! unclean!'—to agonize over wrongs for which there is no reparation—to bewail a guilt that no tears can wash away."

Her dreary, hopeless tones, smote my heart with pity, even in the midst of my own wild sorrow.

"But the blood of the Lamb can wash all sin away," I said, laying my hand tenderly upon her bowed head—"Dear Maggie, God loves the repenting sinner. The lost sheep of

the parable, do you remember—when it was found, how much more precious it was to the Shepherd than the ninety and nine that went not astray?"

"Ah, but these things were scarcely written for such as I," she answered, sadly.

As she ceased speaking, my strained ear caught the sound of heavy feet ascending the stairs. Maggie rose hastily, and draping the curtains thickly about my couch, knelt down again in their shadow, laying her hand softly over my open eyes—

"Dear madam," she whispered, "pray for one as wretched as your child is blest."

The footsteps were in my room, cautiously approaching near my bed. There they paused an instant, and then I heard them slowly receding, and I knew they were bearing out my dead. An unutterable desolation fell upon my heart.

"God bless you and give you His peace, Maggie," I said. "Now lift your hand from my eyes, dear, for they have taken her away."

She stood up, looking at me for a space, with eyes misty with the dews of love, sympathy and compassion; then reverently kissing my hands, she glided across the room, returning instantly with His blessed Word, and opening to St. John's beautiful record of our Lord's life upon earth, sat down and read in a voice thrilling with feeling that exquisite portion commemorating the last hours which He spent with His disciples, by tender, loving communion, strengthening them against the day of His death. Listening, I felt how truly He had said—"I will not leave you comfortless;" but as the sweet voice died away, the shadow fell again upon my soul.

I had not told you that when I was taken so suddenly ill, Willie was spending the day with a friend, and it seeming best in the judgment of others that he should not risk the danger of infection, he was kept away till after May's burial. Consequently, he knows nothing of the mystery of death, and imagines that, like St. Catharine, his little sister was translated in the body to Heaven, and looks upon that beautiful picture with ever-increasing interest, asking curiously if I saw not the gleam and heard not the flutter of wings as the angels bore her away.

Mother, dear mother, I have written of nothing but my sorrow and loss. And yet, I have not told you half—I have not told my beloved husband half the pain and bitterness of these past weeks. The blow will fall heavy

enough at the best—God help him! for our lost one was his idol—the darling of his heart—“Papa’s sunshine,” as he always fondly called her.

Carry our grief in your thoughts, mother—
set our names in your prayers. ALICE.

Bitter Words.

BY A. C. S. A.

It seemed a little thing to the speaker, that keenly barbed sentence, which found its way so surely to the sensitive heart of her young friend; and she looked with surprise upon the color, staining the round cheek of her listener, as the bright, hot tears came flashing into her expressive eyes.

It was as much the overflowing of the bile of a morbid, chafing temper, as a desire to wound, which had prompted their utterance; but once spoken, they burned themselves in fire upon the listener’s memory; and even in moments of pleasure, long after, if inadvertently her eyes fell upon the scar they had left, the same old pang returned; the same bitter feeling with which she first heard them.

Oh, it is a sad thing, when angry words overleap the bounds of reason, and are permitted to rush from the lips, with their scathing, torturing power; true, the oil of repentance, poured upon the wounds they have made, may *heal*; but the *scars* remain, while recollection lives, as unpleasant mementoes; we cannot erase or hide them from our minds. Words of fondest endearment may follow—their foliage may twine around us with vine-like luxuriance, but some breath of recollection displaces a leaf, and in its hideous repulsiveness, appears the grinning spectre.

We never feel safe in the presence of one of these *Ætna-like* natures, at all times liable to an irruption of the fierce lava of temper, which like that of the volcano, scorches the flowers which have bloomed upon its lips; nor enjoy the atmosphere, bracing and serene, which upholds us, in the sphere of one whose elevation of thought and feeling places him above imagining himself the object of insult, much more of giving one.

He who possesses this great poison to happiness—a fierce temper, should chain it in the strongest dungeon of his nature, as he would a madman in his cell; for when it assumes dominion, judgment, tenderness, all the higher attributes are paralyzed; and its victim becomes a toy in the hands of a maniac.

Hospital Scenes.

BY BELLE ST. AUBYN.

The bright firelight is glowing full upon every nook and corner of my cozy room, and amid the soft depths of my great-chair, I have sat and basked in it for full half an hour, buried in sad yet tender reflection. Before me are smiling faces, looking up from the album upon my knee with eyes that seem to speak to me so lovingly, I half stoop to press a kiss upon the tender lips, my heart brimming over with emotion. These faces have brought before me the whole of the past two years in rapid retrospection. Thoughts cling equally to the living and the dead, as I pass on up the checkered pathway to the calm present.

Among these pictures I find one of a sweet-faced mother, wearing a gentle, patient, and loving expression, that wins upon you as you gaze. Next hers are two chubby little boys, with fair hair and blue eyes, while close beside them, stands a tall, noble looking man. They are all one little family, forming an independent circle in life. Yet let me turn the leaf, and I see a white-haired man whose benignant smile glows genially in the firelight. A girlish, piquant face guards his right; on his left sits one with hands folded sorrowfully, and eyes that seem to droop with unshed tears. These are all of one blood—members of one household, and my dearest friends.

Let me tell you, dear reader, by what right I claim them—how they came to look upon me as “one of themselves.”

The cheering rays of an April sun fell lovingly upon prostrate forms through the open windows of the hospital, and smiles of gladness greeted me wherever I moved in the performance of my daily task. Armed with basin, sponge, towel, etc., I went up the third ward, taking each patient in his turn, for a refreshing bath of face and hands, and to brush back smoothly tangled locks of hair from the feverish brows.

About midway the ward lay a favorite patient, whose gentleness and innate refinement had won my kindest interest. He was always fearful of giving trouble, and preferred each little request with such evident reluctance, one was naturally moved to greater care of him lest some want should pass unheeded. As I reached his berth, an exclamation of satisfaction burst from his lips.

“I am so glad my turn has come,” he said, with childish eagerness. “I have been wanting you for some time.”

"Why did you not send for me?" I asked.
 "I would have come to you with pleasure."

"Oh, no! I would not do that! I was not in need of you—only I thought I should love to talk to you awhile to-day, and while you bathe my face I can do so."

"Very well. I shall be glad to hear you. You are feeling better, are you not?"

"Yes, I have been up a little. I am weak, but gaining fast. I can go home soon, I hope, to recruit my strength. Wont that be nice?"

"Indeed it will. I am rejoiced at the prospect. Dr. H—— promised me this morning to get a furlough for you, if you continued to improve."

His eyes brightened, and a glad light spread over his face.

"Oh, to be home again!" he murmured.
 "I wish you knew my family," he added, "you would love them so much. They live in New York, away off in a little village on the Central Rail Road. They are so loving and kind, I have longed much to be back with them since I have been ill. I have not seen them for such a long time, it will be a treat."

He talked of them freely now, for the first time since I had known him. He had spoken of them before, but not with the same confidence. Things about him were too strange, and his high-toned nature shrank from bringing his most sacred feelings to the light, uncertain of the reception they might find.

There were a dear father and mother, sweet, gentle, intellectual sisters, and a noble brother. He talked of them all so beautifully, my interest in him grew tenfold. None but a good son and affectionate brother could talk as he did. When I had done with him, I left him to attend a boy at the farthest end of the hospital, who sent for me, and as I came back down the second ward, I observed that my protégé beckoned me to enter to him. He had a favor to ask—a very great favor, if I would be so kind. He had been ill so long his letters were becoming numerous, and he feared that his friends were anxious about him. "Would I write a few lines? Only a very little. He would dictate. He did not want to give me trouble."

He preferred the request so timidly, and with such evident reluctance, I hastened to relieve him by assurance of pleasure in serving him, and said it would be no trouble at all. Accordingly, after procuring materials, I sat down by the little table at his side and prepared to write to his dictation, all that he wished.

There were several letters—very short—full

of tender affection and a cheerful spirit that argued well for his rapid recovery. During the performance of this pleasing task, he was very communicative, and told me more of himself than before. He brought forth the pictures and letters of his family also, and I spent nearly an hour in talking and writing, ere I had done.

Never shall I forget the grateful look he lifted to my face when I announced the task finished. He took my hands in both his own and kissed them timidly, yet with a show of the most pure and delicate feelings, coupled with an earnestness that brought a mist before my vision.

"God bless you," he said. "If I get well, I hope some day to repay your kindness. If anything should happen me, may He who guides and controls the destiny of man, watch over and preserve your loved ones from harm, for the sake of your goodness to me."

"Do not speak of it," I interrupted, hastily.
 "I have only done my duty, as you would under similar circumstances. Now go to sleep, you need rest after such an amount of energy as you have expended to-day. I will see you again this evening."

I hastened away, dropped the letters into the office, got my tea and entered to the hospital, but Fred S—— was sleeping calmly as a child. Drawing the sheet lightly over his shoulders I left him to repose, and gave my attention to others. He did not wake ere I left, and I felt satisfied, as it seemed to speak so well for his restoration to health.

This was on Friday, and that night was a most fearful one. A most terrific thunder-storm overswept the earth, and every creature throughout the town was made to feel it more or less. The roofs were taken off of houses, windows broken, chimneys crushed down, and every possible disaster except actual death followed in rapid succession. I was myself one of the sufferers. My chimney fell in, filling my room with soot, while the rain from the forgotten window drenched me. I took cold, which settled in my eyes, and that, with the soot, inflamed them almost to blindness.

Saturday morning I made a brief visit to the hospital, and found them in a most distressing condition there. Windows had been crushed in, many injured from broken glass, rain and exposure. Fred S——, among the number, was suffering terribly with his throat. I did what I could for him, and returned home, feeling troubled beyond expression at the sudden accumulation of misfortunes.

I did not get out again until Monday morning. Then I presented myself at the hospital, anxiously, in spite of the doctor's orders, who feared for my sight in exposure to the light while my eyes were so inflamed.

The first thing I noted on my entrance was a solemn hush throughout the building. The doctor and matron stood in close converse at the farthest end of the room, and sad faces ranged on each side gave me a sorrowful greeting. Four or five of their number in those two days had been carried out to return no more to their midst. Poor fellows! no wonder they looked sad! Who's turn would it be next?

Seeing me, the steward came forwards and placed a package in my hands. One glance at the familiar articles, and then at the empty berth, told me the sad story. He too had passed away, and I sat down in his vacant place, weeping bitterly—not for him, but for the friends far away who must wait and watch vainly for his coming.

That morning I went through my duties almost mechanically, feeling subdued to extreme sadness. It was so sorrowful to move about amongst the empty berths, from which pale faces were wont to smile me a welcome. Then I went home, and prepared for the hardest task it had yet been my lot to perform.

How shall I describe the feelings with which I penned to each of those friends the sad story? On Friday I had written to his dictation letters full of hope and encouragement. On Monday my faltering pen lingered tremulously over the words that must fall like a blow upon loving hearts—"Dead! dead!"

For the satisfaction of his family, I gave my address, that they might inquire into particulars. Soon letters freighted with stirring emotion came to my hands. Almost unconsciously a correspondence began, and I grew interested. Those letters revealed people of high tone and culture, and I was not disappointed when our paths at last crossed to find them all and more than I had divined from letters, and my association with the brave lost one.

I have since then seen them often, and correspond regularly. They are very dear to me. The sisters say to me—"Be our sister." The parents beg me to let them take me in the place of the lost child they so loved, and I respond willingly. Oh, reader, "cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return to you"—ay! a thousand fold!

Fashion.

BY H. R. C.

What a slavery it makes the life of a person of moderate means, who endeavors to keep up with the changes of fashion. With those who are able to lay the old aside, and dash boldly into the new, the case is different; though whether it is laudable for them to employ their substance thus, is a matter to be questioned. But they at least escape the worry, and wear and tear of mind, and body, and spirits, attendant upon the scramble to keep up with the march of fashion by those who have not the *means of transportation*. How many I have seen subjected to this slavery, altering perhaps a cloak and bonnet that varied very slightly from the fashion, and just as they had got fairly armed and equipped in their new rig, fashion, capricious dame! waves her potent wand, and—presto, change!—the cloak, eked down with so much labor, and an expenditure of ingenuity that might possibly have been applied to better purpose, must hoist sail again, barely covering the shoulders—that garment which had been pronounced so graceful by all female beholders, having "just the right swing."

So the bonnet that had just been "poked up" perhaps, must be brought to the milliner's block again, and undergo a partial decapitation, at the Procrustean decree of fashion. And so it goes on, this "perpetual rolling up, and perpetual rolling down."

What a quiet satire was contained in the answer of Franklin to a friend's question, why he was hurrying home so fast—"I have bought a new bonnet for my daughter," said the sage, "and fear the fashion may change before I reach there."

Books.

People often show niggardliness in the matter of books, when they would not display it in any other way—when they will expend great amounts to entertain people at their houses, make feasts for them, and bestow bread and clothing upon the hungry and naked.

They do not sufficiently consider the needs of the intellectually hungry—the intellectually bare—those who need the companionship of books to supply social lacks—who with social tastes and longings, are, by circumstances, perhaps, cut off from society.

H. R. C.

LAY SERMONS.

The New Home.

"Well, Mary, if we can manage to lay by three hundred dollars each year for the next four years, we can buy that little home you admire so much. Mr. Hayes will not sell it to any one unless to me this year, and if we can save the first payment, we can move in next May-day. Now, shall we undertake it?"

"You know better than I about your business, George. It seems quite a sum for us to lay by on our income; but I will do my best to help you. It is certainly worth trying hard for. Such a dear little home all our own. How happy I should be. Such a long yard, too, for the children to play in, and that big willow tree in front to shade it. How I watch those green leaves from my chamber windows. They are the first to put out in the spring. I should think myself made up for life with such a pleasant little home for ourselves and the children."

"It will only be by the closest economy, dear Mary, that we can obtain it; but when it is all paid for, we can live in comparative ease. With your help, I feel quite confident we may win it."

And so the attempt was made, with a hearty resolution and perseverance which could not fail of

success. Mary could turn and re-trim the old silk dress now, and think it no trouble. There was a motive to save for. She did not mind, though the old carpet was worn and faded; she would not wish to cut a new one to fit the old rooms, even if she could get it. Everything now must be looked upon with reference to the home they were so soon going to. Whenever she was tempted to any old luxury, a sight of the new house from her windows always served as a check and stimulus.

Oh, if the Christian would only keep one window of his soul looking out towards Heaven, how different would be his daily walk; how little he would care for the vanities he is so soon to leave—how anxious to transmute all his treasure into coin that would pass as currency there. What are worldly honors to a soul that is shortly to stand in the great reception hall of the King of Kings? "Ah," said a dying statesman, as he turned coldly from some mark of his sovereign's favor which had just been brought to his bedside—"that is a mighty fine thing in this country, but I am just going to a country where it will be of no service to me." Keep a good look-out towards Heaven, and it will be an easier thing to learn "to use this world as not abusing it"—to learn to look upon the good things which God has given us as only wayside comforts.

J. E. M'C.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Baby's Shoulders.

BY J. E. M'C.

"Oh, sister, do please put little flannel sacks on your baby. It is too bad to keep the dear little arms and breast exposed in that way in such weather as this."

"Oh, sister Mabel, I believe grandmother's old-fashioned notions came down to you along with her name. People are wiser now-a-days. Everybody knows that a child always bundled up takes cold with every puff of air."

"You believe in the hardening system, then, Emeline?"

"Indeed I do; I am sure it is far more sensible."

"Well, let us begin on something not quite so precious as this little diamond. Throw up the window, Emma, and let me set your geraniums and this little tea-rose outside, and try the experiment. If the hardening system is good for

children, it certainly must be good for plants, which are not nearly so finely organized. Are you willing to try the exposure on your plants."

"They are not parallel cases at all."

"No, I am sure they are not. Your babe has a wonderful organization, consisting of thousands of parts, all depending on the action of the lungs. In no part are they more sensitive than beneath this beautiful white bosom, which you keep so exposed to the cold. If you cut out a portion of the dress over the heart, and left that bare, it would do far less harm. You are sowing the seeds of consumption if your babe grows up; but more probably are opening a floodgate for infant pneumonia, or perhaps this new scourge, diptheria, to sweep in. Oh, Rosa, if you had watched as I did last week with Mrs. B——'s precious baby, and had seen the little life go out in your arms as I did, you would take warning. The little lamb enjoyed the benefit of the same system you are practising, and after a bright

evening, in which all the family had contended for the possession of the sparkling, laughing little fairy, the mother was suddenly awakened at night by a sharp, shrill cry of intense agony, which lasted an hour, nearly. From that time till her death she lay panting in such great distress, her little breast heaving to catch a breath, and her dark eyes turning from one to another, as if pleading for some one to help her. Oh, what a night-watch that was for us and the distracted mother! It is burned into my brain. I blessed God when I saw the little chest heave for the last time. I could not but rejoice that such terrible sufferings were over. How can a loving mother wilfully bring them on her child?"

"Mabel, just hand me that blanket, and don't say another word," said the young mother, covering her babe with kisses. In less than an hour the sewing-machine had turned off a pair of warm blue sacks, which "must answer," mother said, "until some could be embroidered." Rejoicing in the success of her efforts, sister Mabel ran home to her own little flock, which she found ready and waiting for their accustomed brisk walk in the frosty air.

Our Daughters.

Some writer says—"Our daughters do not 'grow up' at all now-a-days; they grow all sorts of ways, as crooked as crooked sticks."

Our girls hardly get sunshine enough to grow at all in. Indeed many women amongst us never could have fully got their growth, else why are they

such tiny morsels, looking as if a puff from old Kewaydin would blow them away? We need to turn our girls out of doors—that is the long and short of it. They never will be good for anything until we do. The boys knock around and get oxygen enough to expand their lungs, broaden their chests, and paint their faces with health's own hue; but our lazy, lady daughters! Ah, there is the burden that breaks down the mother's heart. How are they, so frail, and sensitive, and delicate, ever to get along in this rough world? Mother, you must bestir yourself quickly, or they will surely be as unfit as your gloomiest imagination can paint them. You are responsible chiefly for making them so tender. Protect them suitably from the weather, and send them out of doors. The pure air will brace up their unstrung nerves, strengthen the weak lungs, and some good gust of wind will in time sweep away the ill-nature and peevish spirit which, sitting forever in idleness in a luxurious home will not fail to engender.

The next thing you should do for your daughter is to give her some domestic employment. If you keep a dozen servants, your duty to her remains the same. No one can be happy or qualified to make others so, who has no useful work to do. Besides this, she must learn sometime, or she will be poorly qualified for ever being at the head of an establishment of her own. No one in this country can rely upon always having good, trained domestics in her house. The best require some instruction, are liable to leave you from sickness or other causes, and any household is in a pitiable condition where the mistress is not equal for such an emergency.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

King John.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I have been reading a long time this morning, oh, little children, in the early history of England, and of that bad, black-hearted man, and false, and craven king, *John, of England*.

I do not wonder that Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart have ever since eschewed a name which stands out so bold and black in their royal annals, a sign of loathing and shame, a blot that the centuries do not brighten, upon the escutcheon of their monarchy.

I do not think that kings are very good men, any more than queens are apt to be good women. It is a sad and pitiful commentary upon human nature, that wealth, power, grandeur, all the things that seem pleasantest and to be most desired among

men, generally make them hard, selfish, cruel. They cannot bear the temptations and the continual pressure of prosperity, flattering pride and pomp.

The finest characters do not ripen in such an atmosphere, and under such influences. The sunshine alone never mellow the juices which fill the golden flagons of the pears, the crimson globes of the apples, the purple cups of the plums, and sweetest of all the scarlet bowls of the peaches.

No, the long, slow, dismal rains had a work to do there; and the snows which bent the branches and buried the roots have all had a hand in perfecting the mellow wine of the fruits, just as we suppose the stress, and cares, the disappointments, and discipline of life often produces the braver, stronger, better man and woman. And we see all this very clearly illustrated when we come to read the history of kings and queens.

As we look along the slow paths of the centuries, and there rises up before us the men and the women who have worn the crown, and borne the sceptre, and sat on the throne of England, how few of them are good or noble, lovely or to be admired in their lives or their deaths!

We do not deny greatness to some of them; but personal aggrandizement and ambition that no motives of humanity, no sense of justice and right, no fear of God nor love of man could avail to stay, governed their lives, and was the great ruling motive of their actions.

But to return to King John. You are not altogether ignorant of him, I hope. In your school books, you have read that wonderful scene betwixt Hubert and Prince Arthur, which the genius of Shakspeare has painted with such transcendent power, that away off in the early centuries of England's new life it stands vivid before you, and a shuddering thrill of horror and pity creeps along your nerves as you see that room in the old castle of Northampton, and hear that young, amazed, frightened, beseeching voice of the young prince as it asks—

"And will you with hot irons burn out both these eyes?"

Then our just anger against that crowned king and base wretch, his Uncle John of England, flames up in our souls, and we long to take summary vengeance on him, though he has slept for centuries under the soil he dishonored, the king who sold his kingdom and his birthright to the Pope, for what? a mess of pottage.

And yet, out of all this man's shame and dishonor God's hand brought at last good for England. It took all that cruelty, and treachery, and baseness before the high-souled and knightly gentlemen of England could be brought to conspire against their lord and sovereign, and wrest from his cowardice and terror the ancient charters, and add to these now rights and privileges which embraced the lowest as well as the highest of his subjects, and became the bulwark of British liberties, the foundation of her power and glory in the earth.

And one's thoughts love to wander back to that day at Runnymede, so far, far away up the centuries, and that yet stands out in that dark age with a radiance on its forehead which pours down through all the long vista of years beyond.

There, under the soft English sky, with the nightingales singing under the English elms and oaks, as they sing to-day, did the nobles of the realm meet together, two thousand knights, with their great company of retainers and inferiors.

How their burnished armor must have flashed in the sun—what a sight must have been those prancing war horses, the glitter of swords, and the waving of plumes! Stern, strong hearts were under that flashing armor; hearts which had covenanted with themselves and each other, that their great

purpose of achieving new liberty for themselves, their posterity, and their nation, should be achieved, for to the death had those knights of the olden time given their word before the high altar and the archbishop. And at last, deserted by his people, and at the head of a meagre company of vassals, the base, bad monarch came reluctantly forth, and signed at Runnymede the great "MAGNA CHARTA."

It was well that after doing this great work, which was only to *his* shame and disgrace, the monarch did not survive long. Chagrin, mortification and defeat were a fit ending of that ignominious life; but one wonders if, when John of England laid him down to die, the victims of his ambition, his hate, and his vengeance did not stalk through those last hours of his life; if their white, reproachful faces did not linger around his bedside; and if the thoughts of all these things did not wring with pangs most fierce and bitter the last hours of the monarch of England!

Do you wonder how the little children looked, and what they thought of in those far off times? Poor little children! I fear they did not have so smooth and easy a time as those for which I write; and yet I have no manner of doubt that their natures too, asserted their claim to gladness—that they sported in the green English pastures; and gathered, with hearts running over with joy, the early spring blossoms; and searched for the last year's nests in the old branches; and that they loved the sunshine and the summer woods, and had their joys and sorrows, their small cares heavy as they could bear, and their hours of happiness, just as the little children have now.

But I would not have you, oh children of the present, exchange places with those of the past. I expect, on the whole, that your life is happier, and wiser, and brighter than theirs. You do not walk in the shadow of such awful superstitions and terrors as they did. Their low, small homes were hardly as comfortable as the barns where your fathers shelter their cattle, and they—those little children of the twelfth century—had no books to read, and their childhood slept always under a dense cloud of ignorance and fear.

Oh, it is "better" with you, children of the present; and as I wander among the ruins of the old ages, I feel that we have all reasons, great and manifold, for thanking Him who has set our lines within the wide and pleasant borders of this nineteenth century!

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends." These, indeed, are all that a wise man would desire to assemble; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO MAKE CIDER VINEGAR.—The vinegar manufactured from acids enters largely into the consumption of towns and cities, and to some extent that of the country also. Whisky, with all its adulterations, is used for the purpose of making pickles, and in that manner lends its aid to the destroyer of human life. Many other different methods of procuring the sours of life are practiced, and many of which are not only productive of deleterious influences to the health of ourselves and our children, but require far more labor than ought to be bestowed upon that branch of a housewife's business.

We live in an age of labor-saving machines, and we ought to economize, both in labor and money, as well in the less important matters of living as in the more important. And, to apply a little Yankee ingenuity in this case, is not so difficult as many people imagine. Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. An exchange says—Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper, are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider which you extract from the apples does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose.

Soak your apples a few hours, washing and rubbing them occasionally; then take them out of the water, and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth; put it into a jug; add half a pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set it in the sun or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs, and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar if they will follow the above directions.

VELVET CREAM.—Half ounce isinglass dissolved in a teacupful of white wine, one pint of cream, the juice of a large lemon. Sweeten the cream to your taste. When the isinglass is dissolved, add the lemon juice and wine to the cream, and pour it into a mould.

POTATO CRUST.—Parboil and mash twelve potatoes; add one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and half a cup of milk or cream. Stiffen with flour until you roll out.

LEMON PIE.—Take one lemon; grate off the yellow, but do not use the white part of the rind; squeeze out the juice, and cut the pulp very fine. Add one cup of white sugar, one cup of water, one egg well beaten, one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Bake between two

crusts, or instead of a top crust beat the white of an egg to a froth, with a little sugar, and lay over the top when done, then return to the oven for a few minutes.

BREAD.—Chemistry tells us that the best and most healthful bread is made by mixing flour, water and yeast, by kneading it so effectually that the yeast and water shall come in contact with every grain of the flour, otherwise the bread will be bad; holes will be in it, and the crust will be easily detached from the soft part. Bad bread will be made out of the very best materials unless the kneading has been most thoroughly performed.

CRYSTALLIZING GRASS.—To one quart of water add one pound of alum; boil till all the alum is dissolved, then pour into a flat dish, and place your grass in it. Let it stand till the crystals are formed on it, which will take place in about twenty-four hours. A little indigo added to the solution will improve it. Peach stones, cinders, heads of wheat, oats, etc., may be crystallized. The grass or grain should be gathered green, and hung in a dark place before it is crystallized.

MACAROONS.—To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds take four teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs, and one pound of sifted white sugar. Blanch the almonds, (remove the brown skin) and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then whisk the whites of the eggs and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will "oil" or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon white paper, which should be placed in a tin or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

TO COOK VEGETABLE OYSTERS.—Slice and boil in water about twenty minutes; add half as much milk, let it boil up; season with butter, salt and pepper, and serve with crackers, as you would oysters.

MUTTON SAUSAGES.—Take one pound of underdone leg of mutton, six ounces of beef suet, one pint of oysters, two anchovies, and some sweet herbs. Chop all these ingredients fine and season with mace, pepper and salt; add a quarter of a pound of grated bread and two well-beaten eggs; mix it well, and pot it. Use it by rolling into balls a sausage-shape, and fry them.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Are High Heels of any Use?

It is usual in all shoes of even moderate strength to make the heel a little higher by means of what is called a heel-piece.

These heel-pieces, says a writer in the *Herald of Health*, are generally of some little use, especially in dirty weather, and we cannot wholly deny their right to existence. But, at the same time, they ought to be as low as possible, and heels an inch thick, as is at present very commonly the case, have very serious disadvantages indeed.

The weight of the body is by this means thrown in a disproportionate ratio on the toes, the joints of which are consequently overstrained. Moreover, with a high heel the sole is so oblique in its direction that the foot must constantly be gliding forwards and forcibly pressing the toes into the point of the shoe. The toes, therefore, even when the shoe is sufficiently long, are subjected to the same injuries and disfigurements as if they were too short, and the effects are doubly hurtful, when the form of the sole is also incorrect.

High heels, especially if they are very small, are peculiarly liable to wear obliquely, and so the shoe gets trodden on one side; they must, therefore, be peculiarly favorable to the origin of flat-foot.

High and small heels are therefore quite unsuitable. The heel-piece ought to be as low and broad as possible.

Exercise.

Exercise, says Dr. Hall, is health-producing, because it works off and out of the system its waste, dead and effete matters; these are all converted into a liquid form, called by some "humors," which have exit from the body through the "pores" of the skin in the shape of perspiration, which all have seen, and which all know is the result of exercise when the body is in a state of health. Thus it is that persons who do not perspire, who have a dry skin, are always either feverish or chilly, and are never well, and never can be as long as that condition exists. So exercise, by working out of the system its waste, decayed, and useless matters, keeps the human machine "free;" otherwise it would soon clog up, and the wheels of life would stop forever! It is healthful, because the more we exercise, the faster we breathe. If we breathe faster, we take that much more air into the lungs; but it is the air we breathe which purifies the blood, and the more air we take in the more perfectly is that process performed; the purer the blood is, and, as everybody knows, the better the health must be. Hence, when a person's lungs are

impaired, he does not take in enough air for the wants of the system; that being the case, the air he does breathe should be the purest possible, which is out-door air. Hence, the more a consumptive stays in the house, the more certain and more speedy is his death.

Sleep.

We copy the following important suggestions about the Sleep of Children from Hall's *Journal of Health*:—

Most parents find a constantly recurring difficulty in getting their children off to bed in season at night; all of them have a disinclination to retiring early. But it is of the utmost importance to make an iron rule in the household in that respect, at least as to every child going to school. There can be no health without it, for two reasons: the eyes will soon become inflamed and sore, and by not getting sleep enough, the brain does not work with activity; it takes hold of the lessons with reluctance, as it were; all study becomes a bore; the child falls behind, or, in his efforts to keep up with the class, especially if a girl, brain-fever or some other malady supervenes, and days and weeks are lost at school, and sometimes even life itself. Children should be required to go to bed at such an early hour that they may wake up of themselves in the morning; this is an indication that they have had all the sleep that nature can take; then they are lively, cheerful and hilarious all day; but if from having company, or being out at "meeting," parties or amusements, they are kept out of bed an hour or two later than usual, they will wake up about the accustomed time, but they are pretty sure to come to the breakfast-table with unbuoyant countenances; there are frowns instead of fun and smiles, and they are very apt to be fretful, capacious, or complaining for the whole day afterwards. Let it be arranged the year round that school-children shall wake up at daylight; this will not only prevent the necessity of ruining the eyes by night-study, but also the more injurious practice of studying by artificial light in the morning. Several of the associates of our daughters have permanently weak eyes, yellow matter constantly about the eye-lashes, in consequence of their sitting up to ten and eleven o'clock at night at their books, and every once in a while they are "absent," on the ground of having "sore eyes." We have known two cases of late where children of thirteen were allowed to sit up until eleven o'clock at night, with the full glare of gas-light falling on the bright white page; in a very short time they had to lose from one to three weeks. In one case, a girl was required to go to

school, day after day, when her eyes were in such a state from night-study that she could not use them at all, but was merely a listener to the recitations—a barbarity on the part of teacher and parents of which a savage heart should be ashamed. If parents would systematically attend to one point in reference to their children who are attending school, in addition to regularity in eating, and sleeping to the utmost that nature will take, it would avert an infinite amount of ill from their children in the course of a lifetime; it is simply this—let breakfast be taken sufficiently early to allow them perfect leisure to attend to all the calls of nature before they leave for school. It is perfectly certain that multitudes of children, and even grown persons, lay the foundation for life-long diseases and sufferings, in consequence of neglecting to attend systematically to this suggestion.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

The Fashions.

In London and Paris Polish boots for ladies will be popular this winter. At first sight they are rather formidable-looking, as they measure from nine to eleven inches from the heel to the top, consequently reach much higher up the leg than the ordinary boot does, and although they answer the same purpose, they are infinitely superior to the loose leglet of last winter, which was always turning round, and never remaining steadily in its place. The Polish boot can be made in a variety of leathers, but it looks best in black-grained calf-skin, with patent-leather tips or fronts; it is stitched with white silk, in a neat but ornamental design, and is laced up the front in the same style as the Balmoral boot, being finished off at the top with two black silk tassels. For little boys this Polish boot will also be found very appropriate, and for them it is frequently made of chamois leather, with black patent tips, black laces and tassels. We prefer those boots to what are called ladies' Wellington's, which are made high also, with elastic inserted in the inside, and a row of buttons down the outside of the boot. The superiority of the Polish boot consists chiefly in the facility which the lace up the centre gives for tightening, or rather causing the leather to set closer to the ankle than can be effected by means either of elastic or buttons.

Whilst on the subject of boots, we are led naturally to speak of stockings, which will be worn colored this winter; the silk stockings with narrow stripes around them are very suitable for this season of the year; the ground of the stocking should match either the dress or the petticoat in color. Merino stockings are also manufactured in brilliant colors—violet with black stripes, gray with blue, and black with Solferino; indeed, they are to be procured of all shades.

Bonnets are rather lower in form and less exaggerated in form than those which were in vogue during the past summer; they are not decidedly Marie Stuart, but partake somewhat of that character; the curtains are deep, and in many

cases pointed in the centre. Plaid ribbons threaten to become common, the large blue and green plaids being even more popular than those composed of brighter, gayer colors. Chenille fringe will be very much worn around the brims of bonnets as the season advances, and velvet flowers and leaves will also be fashionable. When either a white or black straw bonnet is trimmed with plaid ribbon, the curtain is generally made of black silk, and simply bound with plaid velvet or silk.

If feathers are used, they should be of the same shade as the most prominent colors in the plaid, and flowers should likewise follow the same rule. Velvet flowers with brown grass and heather have a good effect in the caps of bonnets which are trimmed with plaid. Black felt bonnets look well ornamented with bright plaid velvet ribbons; these are sometimes disposed in straps at the top of the brim, the straps being fastened down with small jet ornamental buttons.

The last received number of the *London Lady's Newspaper* says:—Black velvet and silk beaver hats are now becoming very general. There is no end to the variety of trimming and form in these articles—birds, butterflies, owls' heads, foxes' brushes, and winged insects of all descriptions have been called into requisition for the ornamentation of these coquettish head-coverings; and now shells are taking their turn, and we see pigeons' wings, peacocks' eyes, and pheasants' tails and brags issuing out of shells in the front of black velvet hats. We cannot say that shells are either graceful, or even appropriate, in such a place, but for all that they are worn.

Black lace insertion, lined with white silk, is one of those ornaments of which people never appear to grow tired. It is now arranged upon plain high bodices, in a new style; indeed gimp and other trimmings are disposed in a like manner. Instead of the trimming being placed upon the front of the bodice, it is arranged at the sides—upon the two plaits which are always necessary to fit the bodice to the figure. The trimming at the sides of high bodices is likely to become popular.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SOCIAL CONDITION AND EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law, etc. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Mr. Kay was commissioned by the Senate of Cambridge University, England, to travel through Western Europe, to examine the comparative social condition of the poorer classes of the different countries. His book was published in London in 1850, and entitled the "Social Condition and Education of the People of Europe." The American publisher has taken only the chapters on England. The facts given by Mr. Kay, painfully corroborate his assertion on the last page of his volume, that "The poor of England are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated, than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal and Spain."

The condition of England's lower classes, as minutely detailed by Mr. Kay, is as shocking to humanity as it is disgraceful to the nation.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

No. 236 of "Library of Select Novels."

FREEDOM AND WAR. Discourses on Topics Suggested by the Times. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Eighteen of the sermons delivered by Mr. Beecher on topics connected with our present national struggle, are here collected in a single volume. They are among the preacher's most earnest and eloquent pulpit performances, full of noble thoughts, and all alive with the spirit of freedom. We give a few of the subjects:—"The Nation's Duty to Slavery;" "Against a Compromise of Principle;" "The National Flag;" "The Camp, Its Dangers and Duties;" "National Injustice and Penalty;" "The Southern Babylon."

METHOD OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY. By L. Agassiz. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

As the title indicates, this book is intended to give some general hints to young students as to the methods by which scientific truths have been reached. It also furnishes a general sketch of the history of science in past times. Most of the papers have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and all who were interested in the subjects discussed, will be glad to obtain them in the more desirable form of a single volume.

GALA-DAYS. By Gail Hamilton, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking." Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Another volume made up of articles from the

"*Atlantic*." Gail Hamilton is the freshest, raciest, sauciest magazine writer of the day; and has the merit of stimulating your thought, at the same time that she amuses you. She cannot fail to be popular.

THE CAPITAL OF THE TYCOON. A Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K. C. B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. Two volumes. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

The official position and long residence of the author among the Japanese, gave him large opportunities for observation and a study of their manners, customs and government. His book is, therefore, valuable as well as interesting, and will be sought for at this time. It has been liberally illustrated by the publishers.

THE YOUNG PARSON. Philadelphia: *Smith, English & Co.*

The real or imaginary experiences of a Young Parson, during the first few years of his ministry in country places. A very cursory examination of the book leads to the conclusion that the author is a quick, shrewd observer, with considerable dramatic power as a writer. We should not think him in danger, however, of being canonized for piety. The reader will be much more inclined to laugh than cry over his pages—though the pathetic element is not lacking.

LAVANA; or, The Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of Jean Paul Freidrich Richter. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

This volume was dedicated by the author to Queen Caroline of Bavaria. Its subject is education; but it treats not of "national nor congregational education; it elevates neither state nor priest into educator; but it devolves that duty, where the interest ever ought to be, on the parents, and particularly on the mothers. To thoughtful, conscientious mothers, who love their children with a love that looks to their highest good, Lavana will be found a storehouse of wisdom. "It would be my greatest reward," says the author, "If at the end of twenty years, some reader as many years old should return thanks to me, that the book which he is then reading was read by his parents."

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. A Dramatic Romance. In Two Parts. By Henry Taylor. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

This dainty edition in blue and gold of Taylor's fine historical romance, will be made welcome by all lovers of poetry. Though cast in the form of a drama, it was not written for the stage, being equal in length to about six ordinary acting plays. The scene is laid in the Netherlands, in those

earlier times of the wars between the Earl of Flanders and the burghers and brevers of Ghent, whose deeds foreshadowed their coming independence. It is regarded as one of the finest historic romances in the language.

MEDITATIONS ON LIFE AND ITS RELIGIOUS DUTIES. Translated from the German. By Frederica Rowan. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Full of devotional thoughts and reflections on life, and man's duties to himself, to his neighbor, and to God.

SCIENCE FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. Part I. Natural Philosophy. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. Illustrated by nearly three hundred Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Another attempt to get rid of the old, dry systems of education. Dr. Hooker is doing good service to both teachers and scholars.

CHRESTOMATHIE FRANÇAISE. A French Reading Book. Containing I. Selections from the best French Writers, with references to the author's French Grammar. II. The Master Pieces of Moliere, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire. With Explanatory Notes, Biographical Notices, and a Vocabulary. By W. L. Knapp, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Madison University. New York: Harper & Brothers.

One of a series of Text-books, contemplated by the publishers, for the study of the leading foreign languages. The book is divided into two parts, so as to furnish, conjointly with the Grammar, a consecutive course in the French language and literature. The selections are from the master-pieces of French literature; most of them being recognized by critics as the most perfect specimens of French composition.

DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN; or Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged and Specially Adapted by Rev. Nelson Head. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Religious readings for every day in the year, beginning with January first, and ending with December thirty-first. For each day there is a selection covering from one to two pages. These selections are made, with a single exception, from authors who wrote prior to, or in the seventeenth century, and each selection is a homily on some text from the Bible. Among the authors are Jeremy Taylor, Cryostom, Calvin, Baxter, Leighton, Flavel, Davenant, Augustine, Macarius, etc. The volume reaches seven hundred and eighty pages, and the articles are so arranged that doctrine, experience, and practice, may intermingle and support each other.

OUR OLD HOME: A Series of English Sketches. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The papers in this volume are "Consular Experiences;" "Leamington Spa;" "About Warwick;" "Recollections of a Gifted Woman;"

"Lichfield and Uttoxeter;" "Pilgrimage to Old Boston;" "Near Oxford;" "Some of the Haunts of Burns;" "A London Suburb;" "Up the Thames;" "Outside Glimpses of English Poverty;" and "Civic Banquets." Most of them have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. They are marked by all the subtle discrimination and fine word-painting of the author.

THE AMBER GODS; And Other Stories. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Besides the "Amber Gods" we have, "In a Cellar;" "Knitting Sale Socks;" "Circumstance;" "Desert Sands;" "Midsummer and May;" and "The South Breaker." Miss Prescott's stories are remarkable for richness of language, minuteness of observation, and power of imagination. They are fascinating, but do not lift the mind into clear moral perceptions, nor give those nobler impulses which true genius should always inspire. One so singularly gifted should work, if possible, to higher ends.

VICTOR HUGO. By a Witness of his Life. (Madame Hugo.) Translated from the French by Charles Edwin Wilbur. New York: Carleton.

The biography of a husband and man of genius at the hands of his wife, a gifted woman, cannot fail in attractions. So written, we have a romance in real life quite as fascinating as the best of fictions.

PETER CARRADINE; or, the Martindale Pastoral. By Caroline Chesebro'. New York: Sheldon & Co.

A quiet, country story, in which the reader's interest is absorbed by the inner life of the characters, more than by outward exciting incidents. The narrative is simple, and developed without the sensational element.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Tale of Light Lands. By J. C. Jeaffreson, author of "Olive Blake's Good Work." New York: Harper & Brothers.

A very good novel.

HUSBAND AND WIFE; or, The Science of Human Development through Inherited Tendencies. By the author of "The Parent's Guide," etc. New York: Carleton.

If this book were carefully read, over and over again, by young married persons and those looking to marriage, good results to many, of the highest character, would follow. The author, a woman, takes the true ground, that mental and moral qualities, good or evil, are as surely transmitted by parents to children, as physical conditions; and that parents are largely responsible for any morbid states of mind or body exhibited by their offspring. The subject discussed is one of vital interest, and cannot be too earnestly considered. The author writes with singular delicacy of language, yet with a plainness that makes her meaning always clear.

VINCENZO; or *Sunken Rocks*. A Novel. By John Ruffini, author of "Doctor Antonio." New York: Carleton.

Critics pronounce this story superior in several respects to "Doctor Antonio," and "Lavinia," which will be regarded as high praise. It is meant chiefly as an illustration of modern Italian

politics, and the period of the action extends from 1848 to the close of the war in 1859. This is the most interesting period Italian history, and Ruffini's book gives a complete exposition of the policy that has triumphed in the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE COURTESIES OF HOME.

There is generally a painful deficiency of these in family intercourse, and among respectable, refined, and outwardly well-bred people. The graces, the gentleness, the courtesies of speech, and manner, and deed, are habitually ignored as quite too good for the table and the fireside, and are held in reserve for company, and social intercourse, just as one's best dresses are hung in the closet for Sundays, and the street, and state occasions, generally.

What a miserable, shallow, surface-breeding this is! How early the unerring instinct of a child takes its true measurement and worth, and sounds it to the bottom.

What is politeness worth that is not instinctive, habitual, unconscious? And shamefully is this frequently neglected in home intercourse betwixt fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters! That indifference, negligence, *de-habillé* of tone, manner and act, which obtain in many households, are a disgrace on those who regulate its affairs. If courtesy is really worth anything—if delicacy, gentleness, kindness are lovely anywhere, why should they not control all the familiarities of the table, the fireside, the daily home-life? What else is to redeem these from coarseness, friction, and barrenness?

How many mothers have a tone for their children which they would never dare to employ towards their domestics—that harsh, fretful, severe tone, which must grate and jar across a child's nature until it gets hardened to it. Oh, dear! One wonders sometimes that men and women generally turn out as well as they do, when the sort of bringing up they've had is taken into consideration.

Do you never consider, oh, mother, with love in your heart, and all sorts of mistakes, and faults, and failures in your home government and example, that your child will be very much what you make it?

How the early breeding clings to one through life! How often some infelicity of speech, some coarseness of manner, some unfortunate habit, will keep its tenacious hold of one, and more or less mar his influence, and make him a subject of ridicule to the contemptuous, and of pity to the good,

for a whole lifetime. Ah, the mother ought to have seen to this—the mother ought to have corrected this defect or infirmity before it became second nature.

However one may regard it, "good manners" are not of small account. They represent kindness of heart and cultivation of mind; and although they may be often assumed as the thin varnish of a base and unworthy nature, still that does not alter their essential meaning and beauty.

All the counterfeits in the world do not lessen the value of the fine gold, and all the hypocrites who ever walked the face of the earth have not made goodness, nobleness, purity, unlovely and of evil report. Their essential nature still remains beautiful and to be desired of the whole world!

I never yet knew a mother, however coarse or ignorant herself, who desired her son, or her daughter to be commonly regarded as a clown or a fool. She might take very small pains to make them otherwise, but she would not relish the fact, put to her face in honest, homely Saxon: and I pity children who, with intelligence and aspiration, have to surmount the difficulties of early neglect, and careless and coarse example.

It is hard to overcome these. The road leads through a long and tedious experience of mistake, mortification, embarrassment, pain; and although these may be gradually conquered, and although there are gracious and refined men and women who have come up through the disadvantages of a neglected childhood, still the mass of people keep to a large degree the mould of their childhood and youth. And smart as your boy is, oh mother, it isn't safe to trust to his genius. He may not after all be President of the United States, and if he should be, he will not lose anything by that courtesy of manner, by those gentle and kindly habits which you taught him from his cradle upwards. Now don't mistake me here, and think I set a false and supreme value on merely outward graces and social adjuncts. I only claim for these their fitting place and consideration as the natural and legitimate language of grace of character, of a true, generous, cultivated heart and mind; and where the outward courtesy does not represent the inward fact, it is a lie, and there is no truth in it.

A smile may have covered a heart tumultuous with malice and envy, but shall that make it less a thing of love and beauty, as its peace and brightness illuminates the face? A kiss, that articulation of exceeding fondness and tenderness, was once desecrated to a purpose so base and awful, that all succeeding ages have thrilled with horror at the story, and yet does this make the dewy caresses of her child fall less sweetly on the mother's cheek?

And there are some who will insist that the observance of these "home-courtesies" will render stiff and formal the unrestrained intercourse of domestic life; that their tendency will be to cramp and fetter the familiarities of the fireside; and that the regards and hospitalities which we owe to society, when introduced into the household, will make the free, every-day still and burdensome.

You do not take my words in their true sense and meaning, oh, my reader, if you so answer me. It is not for a constrained, formal, restricted habit of intercourse that I plead. But it is against that unrestrained freedom which "breeds contempt"—against the indolence and carelessness, the greediness and selfishness which are rampant in so many households that I protest, and always shall.

Are refinement of speech and manner—is regard for the comfort of each other—are little thoughtfulness and self-sacrifices to be kept only for strangers, to be ignored only in our households?

Dear reader, do not believe it. Oh, mother, do not by habit and example teach this wrong doctrine to your children. Let these small courtesies illuminate the atmosphere of your home, and shed their sweet sunlight over its common familiar ways, exalting and hallowing them.

Suppress, so far as you can, whatsoever is brusque, and coarse, and harsh, and rasping—whatsoever is mean, and paltry, and hateful, and let these home courtesies bloom out softly in gentle manners and loving ways, in all pleasant and characteristic forms, and like the flowers we read of, in Alpine Passes, and amongst the clefts of the high rocks, they shall beautify whatsoever is common and homely in your household ways, and their small blossoms shall spread their bloomy sheets over the hard, rugged soil of every-day life.

V. F. T.

"LITTLE HARRY."

"Those words of my Irish serving-woman were a great comfort to me," said the mother, amid her tears. "It seemed more than I could bear—the thought of laying down in the cold and darkness of the grave all the beauty and sweetness of my little boy; and the Irish woman, trying in her homely way to comfort me, said, 'Oh, well, he isn't too pretty for where he's gone!' I think those words were just what I needed."

This touching little story is a true one. The mother—a very dear friend of mine—of a nature

most impressible and tender, told it to me, while close by, the dim, sorrowful sunlight about him, lay "little Harry," in the small casket which resembled a coffin as little as possible, with the large, open blue eyes, that were like life instead of death, with the flowers scattered over him, and the small, beautiful hands, that looked like lilies half blossomed and waiting for the morning sunshine to come and open them. There *he* lay waiting, too, a little while, for they were bearing him from the city home whose light he had been, whose joy he had made, to the still, country grave-yard, where the grass should build over him its low, green roof, and the last autumn birds should sing their sweet farewells over his slumbers—little Harry's!

And at last the mother rose up and went to the little casket, and kissed the sweet, cold face there, and said, "My little boy, it is the last ride you will ever take!" and only you, oh mothers, who have so laid away the sweet, perished blossoms of your love and tending, know how *her* heart ached, as she said these words; and then the lid was shut down, and little Harry was shut from our sight. And as the words of the Irish woman found their way to that mother's heart, in the great stress of her anguish and desolation, so I thought they might find a path to some other mother's heart stricken like hers.

"Not too pretty for where he has gone!" All the sweet looks and ways, the little "cunning, hindering" tricks, the leaps of laughter, the fluttering hands, the pattering feet, all gone, and in their stead a great blank, and darkness, and desolation, with only those touching witnesses of tiny shoes, and baby aprons, and little embroidered dresses, which strike always so sharp a pang to the very core of a mother's heart. But the blossom, whose beauty and fragrance brightened the home below, will bloom fairer and larger in that upper Homestead, where there are no frosts to chill, no snows to cover over. Oh, the Irish woman was right—neither little Harry, nor your own baby, oh, mourning mother, was "too pretty" for the Heaven where he has gone!*

V. F. T.

POETRY AND SCIENCE.

We have before us an address on the General Principles of Education, delivered by Professor William Chauvenet, on the occasion of his induction into the office of Chancellor of the Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. It is an able and eloquent exposition of the subject, and goes far beyond the ordinary range of thought on educational themes. To give anything like a fair presentation

*While I was writing the above, a letter was handed me from the mother, in which she says, "A little silver key to his rosewood casket home is all I have left of him. I can scarcely let the key pass from my hand for a moment.

"Oh, the sweet joy and the bitter pain in the word 'motherhood!'"

of the Professor's line of thought and argument would take more space than we have in reserve. A single extract, touching the relation between science and poetry, will commend itself to all readers of taste and feeling. There are not many finer passages in modern literature.

As for poetry, and indeed all the fine arts, I regard them, in the light of the analysis I am now following out, as springing out of the two-fold relation of man to the natural world and to the spiritual world. The poet, according to the signification of his name in the Greek, is indeed a creator in his finite degree, as God is the Creator in His infinite degree; for he embodies the intangible spiritual truth or feeling in tangible natural images, as God embodies His eternal truth and love in the visible creation. The poet of spoken and written language is usually alone called poet, but the same definition extends to the musician, the tone-poet, who clothes the intangible emotion in the sensible images of sound; to the painter, the color-poet, and the sculptor, the form-poet, who clothe both thought and feeling in the sensible images of sight. Thus all the fine arts may be truly said to present or represent, to us the eternal invisible things of the spirit. In their highest and purest forms, they express the aspirations of the mortal after immortality, and are truly the ladder of Jacob, seen in prophetic vision, reaching from earth to heaven, upon which the angels of God ascend and descend, opening the communication and exhibiting the relation between the lowest truths of the material world and the highest truths of the celestial.

And here, if time permitted, I might stop to refute the vulgar prejudice that the study of natural science is inimical to poetry, and robs the world of the enchantment thrown around it by the poetic imagination. It *does* destroy false imagery, and *does* dispel vain illusions, quaint conceits, and feeble fancies; but it gives wings to the true poet, and raises him into the highest realms of inspiring thought. The symbolic language in which Nature speaks to the poet becomes indeed more intelligible, but nevertheless addresses his imaginative faculty with increased power. To childish eyes the rainbow is merely a beauteous wonder; with advancing years it is arrayed in new beauties to the mind as God's bow of promise; but all its glory is not felt until we learn to see in it the refracted sunbeam, obeying a universal law, each crystal drop sending back out of the storm, now passed, the glorious rays of the sun in three-fold beauty of color; when the whole splendid bow is shown to be different for each beholder, and God's promise seems thus to be sent as individual consolation from the Infinite Creator to each one of the humblest of His creatures. Are the poet's allusions to the starry firmament stripped of their grandeur and beauty to him who has followed the imaginative flights of a Herschel through the stellar spaces? Is there no beauty in the dower because we have learned in how wonderful a manner it draws its life from the elements of nature? But, why stop to enumerate instances? To the right-minded man all creation is a grand poem, when read in the light of science; and he is no true votary of science who is deaf to the celestial harmonies of its rhythm, or blind to the beauteous imagery in which it sets forth the goodness and wisdom of God.

"Man creates more discontent to himself than ever is occasioned by others."

DANGERS TO OUR YOUTH.

Professor Chauvenet, in concluding the address to which we have already referred, thus speaks of the dangers to which our youth are exposed in this time of war and the consequent fevered state of public feeling.

"Especially must we hold fast to general principles in this terrible period of trial of our beloved country. War, especially civil war, stimulates the minds of all classes, old and young; shakes down the most massive bulwarks of prejudice, and prepares the way for new forms of thought, and more vigorous social and political life. It awakens men from the indifference produced by commercial prosperity and social ease, to reflection upon principles; and excites patriotism where it was in danger of being smothered by luxurious selfishness. But while, we trust, such good may be brought out of evil by a merciful Providence, to what fearful moral dangers are not our youth exposed in the trial? The evil passions of man, concealed and hardly suspected to exist in prosperous times, are, in these times of commotion and tumult, brought glaringly to the surface; and to our inexperienced and susceptible youth, there are on all sides exhibited dishonesty, corruption, envy, jealousy, persecution, cruelty, murder; man arrayed against man—nay, far worse, man arrayed against his country, against order and progress, against humanity and civilization, against Christianity. How difficult for them, then, to preserve their faith in human nature—how difficult to believe in virtue while their eyes behold so much iniquity! How can they hear the celestial harmonies of the good and the true when their ears are filled with the discordant din of horrid war? How can the pulses of their life beat regularly and calmly when they breathe but a miasmatic air which fevers their young blood?"

MISS TOWNSEND'S NEW STORY, to be commenced in the January number, is entitled

"THE WAY THROUGH, A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF JANET STRONG."

MRS. DENISON'S NEW STORY, to follow Miss Townsend's, is entitled

"LUCK, OR PROVIDENCE."

"The domestic relations," says Channing, "precede, and, in our present existence, are worth more than all other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart, and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes and solitudes, form the chief interest of human life."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The prospectus of the *Lady's Book* for 1864 will be found in this number. It will be seen that Mr. Godey still proposes to keep ahead of competition in his particular field. So far he has always kept in advance, and we are very sure that he will not fail in 1864. His immense circulation gives him the means of lavish expenditure, and he never fails to procure for his readers the best that money will buy. As a magazine of fashion, art, and literature combined, the "*Lady's Book*" stands unrivalled in this or any other country.

PATIENT WAITING.

BY REDA.

Oh, blest is he who patiently doth wait,
Nor rashly reach his hand to seize a good,
Though long desired; but looks to Providence
To guide him down the stream of life,
That flows in under-currents strong and deep,—
But heeded not nor seen by those who stir
Its waters to an angry tide;—who is
Not led by fiery zeal, which, hating sin,
Oft ends in hating man; nor madly chafes
When human efforts fail; who knows full well
That natural impulses can naught avail,
But blind and dangerous guide the heart must be
In which the Holy Spirit doth not dwell.
Though living, moving in the busy world,
Not of it, mid the idolatry of sense,
E're true to the ideal, through it to breathe
The air of heaven, his proper element.
Thrice happy he! and blest with wisdom true,
That born of fire, and raised from out
The ashes of humiliation, may
Unfold the joyous wing, and safely poise
Where he may wondering trace the course of all
The devious ways through which he came, while led
Unconsciously by the unerring Hand
Which now he loves to hold. Ah! such can wait!

"There may be as honest a difference between two men as between two thermometers. The difference in both cases may arise from difference in position."

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1864.

Our Prospectus for volumes XXIII. and XXIV. will be found on the cover of this number. It will be seen that we have made arrangements to give three serial stories during the year, one of them by Miss Townsend, to commence with our January issue. The spirit and character of our Magazine will remain unchanged. It will, as heretofore, be conducted in the interests of all things pure and loyal—the friend of good, the foe of evil. Truth, beauty, excellence, will always find an advocate in its pages, and the false, unlovely, and depraved, be carefully excluded. We shall make it a true friend, who entertains, exhilarates, and gives delight; yet a friend whose spirit shall dwell in the heart as yet inspiration to honorable and virtuous deeds.

Read the notices on next page, selected from many thousands which have come to us from the press in all parts of the country. Our editorial friends, who see all the magazines that are published, are in a position to decide upon their respective claims to excellence. Their opinion of the *Home Magazine* is given in no halting phrase.

MAKING UP CLUBS FOR 1864.—We look confidently to our friends to start early in the work of making up clubs for next year. Notwithstanding the price of paper continues high, still nearly fifty per cent. above prices for 1862, we have made no increase in the club rates. Will not the friends of the *Home Magazine* be as active and efficient as the friends of any other periodical? Begin early, and secure for us the largest possible number.

We have selected as premiums for next year "*EVANGELINE*," and "*THE MITHERLESS BAIRN*," two highly popular pictures. The copies we have had made of them are finer than anything we have heretofore sent out. Last year many annoying delays occurred in getting our premiums. To guard against this, we have already secured a large supply of the new prints, which will be mailed immediately on receipt of orders.

CARTES DE VISITE BY MAIL.—It will be seen by advertisement in this number of *Home Magazine*, that we are prepared to furnish subscribers and others with photographic card pictures for Albums, by mail, at a price that gives the most distant and isolated purchaser an equal advantage with city residents.

These card pictures are made for us expressly, and only the best material is used. They are fully equal to anything produced in the country. The subjects on our catalogue, which we send free on application, number nearly one thousand, and include our army and navy officers, literary persons, artists, distinguished men of all nations, and copies of choice celebrated pictures and works of art.

All orders will be carefully selected and promptly mailed. See advertisement.

Dealers in *Cartes de Visite* will be supplied on very liberal terms.

PRANG'S COLORED ALBUM PICTURES.—We have made arrangements to furnish, by mail, these charming pictures, carte de visite size. They are in packages of one dozen each, and are brilliantly colored, in exact imitation of nature. Among them are the "*Butterflies and Moths of America*," in four parts; "*Humming Birds*;" "*Wood Mosses*;" "*Wild Flowers of America*;" "*American Birds*," etc.

See advertisement on second page of cover.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

It is one of the very best and safest for a family that can be procured. Try it for this year. It will give the largest return of pleasure and profit for a small investment that you can make.—*Telegraph, Mifflinburg, Pa.*

Its pages are always pure and attractive.—*Gazette, Taunton, Mass.*

This is one of the oldest magazines in the country, and besides, it is one of the cheapest, so far as dollars and cents are concerned.—*Eagle, Vinton, Iowa.*

Arthur's Magazine deservedly enjoys the reputation of being one of the best moral literary magazines published in America.—*Sentinel, Cobourg, C. W.*

While it combines all the good and desirable features of the popular monthlies, it is entirely free from everything of a deleterious or even doubtful moral tendency.—*Gem Gazette, Dexter, Maine.*

This choicest of periodicals, which not only graces the parlor table, but adorns the mind and enriches the inner man, again comes to us with its healthy tribute of interesting reading, and again do we welcome it most heartily.—*Republican, Sagewille, N. Y.*

Arthur's is the cheapest magazine published.—*Democrat, Goshen, Ind.*

While Godey takes the lead in the three-dollar magazines for ladies, we consider Arthur's the best of the two-dollar ones.—*Gazette, Wyandotte, Kansas.*

Everything in it is good and suited for family reading.—*Spy, Columbia, Pa.*

We always open this magazine with real pleasure, for although it is less pretentious than some other monthlies, the literary contents are always good—always interesting.—*Examiner and Herald, Lancaster, a.*

We say to our readers, if they wish to procure a first-class magazine, by all means subscribe for Arthur's, for we have no hesitancy in pronouncing it the best two-dollar magazine in the world.—*Journal, Delhi, Iowa.*

We greatly admire Arthur's Magazine, and so do thousands of readers, by whom its monthly visitations are eagerly looked for and gladly received.—*Commercial Advertiser, Chicago, Ill.*

This magazine is the solace of the household, the delight of the tasteful reader, and a monthly treat to every subscriber.—*Express, Montello, Wis.*

There is an intrinsic value to this magazine that few of its class possess.—*Sentinel, Palmyra, N. Y.*

It is always up to time—punctual in its appearance, and acceptable when it does appear.—*True American, Indiana, Pa.*

It aims to elevate the human character, morally and socially—as such we wish it good speed.—*Weekly Register, Indiana, Pa.*

Arthur's Home Magazine is peculiar for the excellence of its reading matter. We wish it might be in the house of every family.—*Farmer, Skowhegan, Maine.*

The industry and talents of the editors of this publication have won for it a high reputation.—*Journal, Belvidere, N. J.*

The fashions in it are good; but we think its chief value lies in the high moral tone that pervades its literary department.—*Observer, Tillsonburg, C. W.*

We cannot speak too highly in its praise.—*Republican and Telegraph, Dixon, Ill.*

Arthur faithfully fulfils all his promises to his readers.—*Review, Monmouth, Ill.*

As a companion for the fireside this magazine stands unrivalled.—*Courier, Findlay, Ohio.*

We always greet its arrival with pleasure, and drop all else to peruse its pages, and revel amid its excellencies.—*Journal, Perrysburg, Ohio.*

The Home Magazine is a live publication.—*Advertiser, Chicago, Ill.*

Were every family in the land to read it and practice the lessons it offers, the character of our people would be exalted beyond parallel, and our individual happiness largely increased.—*Daily Life, Milwaukee, Wis.*

Arthur's is up to the times, and is without exception the best two-dollar family magazine published in the country.—*Standard, Gloversville, N. Y.*

Arthur's is the Home magazine of the country, and deserves to be in every family of the land.—*Advertiser, Tipton, Iowa.*

Unlike most of the sickly trash of which the ordinary literature of the day is composed, the reading matter in Arthur's Magazine is of a high-toned moral character, and parents can have no hesitancy in placing it in the hands of their offspring. No wonder that it is a universal favorite.—*Journal and Statesman, Wilmington, Del.*

It always comes to us as a welcome visitor, with pleasant looks and gentle words.—*Advertiser, Geneva, Ill.*

This periodical is always welcome; it always has attractions to those who love choice reading matter.—*Republican, Hamilton, N. Y.*

The cheapest magazine now published is Arthur's Home Magazine.—*Plain Dealer, Fort Madison, Iowa.*

There is no magazine published that excels it as a family instructor in all that is worth knowing in regard to dress, business, pleasure and morals.—*Gazette, Hudson, Mich.*

It is always a source of gratification to us to announce the arrival of this welcome visitor to the family circle. As a Home Magazine it is without a rival.—*Courier, Findlay, Ohio.*

It has attained the highest position among the magazines of the present day.—*Record, Mount Sterling, Ill.*

You cannot invest two dollars better than by subscribing for the "Home Magazine" for a year.—*National Defender, Norristown, Pa.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE "WORKING FARMER" FOR 1864.

THE ATTENTION OF FARMERS is specially invited to this old and practical Agricultural Journal. Established in 1848 by Prof. JAMES J. MAPES, it has for FIFTEEN YEARS been the pioneer in all those improvements which have placed the Agriculture of the United States on such a proud eminence, enabling our farmers to sustain a gigantic war without any perceptible diminution of our material resources, and by our unflinching ability to feed the starving millions of Europe, constituting us the arbiters of the world's destinies. It is the aim of the "Working Farmer" to present more Agricultural information in the course of the year, than any similar publication in the country, and to embrace in the range of its topics the industries and interests of the whole Union. The ablest writers will be employed on its pages—improved implements, discoveries in Pomology and Horticulture, and new processes in Agriculture, will receive prompt attention at our hands, and be liberally illustrated where such illustrations will make the subject matter more readily understood; in short, the Publisher hopes, by rendering the paper a necessity on the Farm and in the Household, to receive that liberal support to which the high character and excellence of "The Working Farmer" have always entitled it.

MISCELLANY.

This department of the Working Farmer is especially designed for the young, and no pains will be spared to render it both amusing and instructive. Among other writers for this department, we shall have monthly contributions from Mrs. M. E. Dodge and Lewis H. Caldwell, Esq., while "The Puzzler," and the column devoted to "Domestic Recipes" are exclusively prepared for the Working Farmer, by a lady, from our correspondence, and otherwise.

Inducements to Subscribe Now!

New subscribers to the 16th volume, commencing January 1st, 1864, will be entitled to the last three numbers of 1863, by subscribing immediately. This privilege will be extended to new subscribers during the balance of this year—so that those received before October 20, will get the paper for October, November and December, 1863, FREE. Those received before November 20, will get the November and December numbers of this year, FREE; and those received before December 20, will get the December number free. In each case, a specific request for the extra numbers must be made at the time of subscribing, in order to insure the proper credit on the books.

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Special premium to each subscriber in clubs of ten or more—one grape vine.

PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.

The publisher will give to each (\$1) one dollar subscriber for 1864, (three red stamps to be enclosed to us when the engraving is ordered) one of the following popular engravings: "Merry Making in the Olden Time;" "Sparking;" "Stuart's Washington;" "Crucifixion;" "Waiting for the Times," or "Our Generals in the Field."

Those who prefer other papers to the premiums we have offered, may avail of the following, viz:

\$1.75 will pay for One Year's subscription to "The Working Farmer" and Mme. Demarest's "Quarterly Mirror of Fashions and Journal Du Grand Monde."

\$2.25 will pay for One Year's subscription to "The Working Farmer" and "The New York Weekly Tribune."

\$2.25 will pay for One Year's subscription to "The Working Farmer" and "The Weekly World."

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